

BLANKSERENA

(Blog
2007 - 2009)

26/08/2009

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Entry for January 12, 2007

What is it about hypnosis? What is it about brainwashing?

Why do we love the idea of allowing someone access to our minds, have them tamper with it, play around with it?

What is it about listening to someone speak in a soothing tone, relaxing us, talking to us, that we enjoy?

Why do we love staring at spirals or candles or crystals or someone's eyes until it simply fades away into the blackness?

Why do love the feeling our muscles expanding and relaxing, getting heavier and heavier, drifting down, down down...?

Why do we love feeling the room around us spin like we've been slipped something in our drinks, when in fact, we've done nothing but listen to someone's voice?

Why do we love the feeling of feeling our mind become more and more relaxed, more and more open to suggestion, more and more relaxed...?

Why do we love it so much?

said 31 months ago [Report Abuse](#) · [Permalink](#) · [7 Comments](#)

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Hypnosis, brainwashing and me



When I was ??? old, I saw an episode of 'Hart to Hart'. In it, the gorgeous Stephanie Powers had been hypnotized and brainwashed by this health consultant into stealing things for her and then forgetting about it.

There is a scene where the consultant hypnotizes a pre-conditioned Jennifer Hart into looking at these crystal lights above her -- watching them spin around and around -- and you can see Jennifer slowly sinking down and giving in to her programming.

It was at this moment that I knew I had to someday be like her -- brainwashed and conditioned to act without question.

I have spent a long time looking for it and have come soooo close so many times.

One friend, we'll call her Troi, once decided to keep me under hypnosis for an entire weekend.

We started on a Friday night, I had a glass of wine to help me relax, and then took Nyquil gel caplet to make me slightly more compliant.

I remember sitting in her comfortable recliner chair. I remember her sitting next to me, holding a crystal on a string. I remember her voice, so smooth, so smoky, so soothing.

I remember feeling my arms tingling and then the Nyquil taking effect as my brain seemed to becoming numb.

The rest of the weekend is a blur.

There are moments of unfocused clarity.

Troi talking and talking and talking. Headphones being placed on me while a tape (pre-mp3s) played on a loop, inducing me into an even more compliant, deeper state of hypnosis.

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The goal in all of this was to see if I would commit a crime. Now, I should have used the “ “ around commit a crime, because even though we were horny on hypnosis, we weren't stupid.

I was to “break in” to a store that she worked at using her key, and her alarm code. I was to open a drawer in the back office and take an envelope marked ‘secret information’ and then leave as if nothing ever happened.

The envelope was empty and all the security company would have thought was that Troi was picking up something at the store. She did it all the time.

So there I was, a slave in her home for one whole weekend. Any semblance of sleep I got was through hypnosis. And with the aide of the occasional glass of wine and Nyquil, I was certainly in and out of some form of consciousness.

By the evening of Saturday, I was a wreck. She brought me out of hypnosis and I was confused and disorientated.

I remember looking up at Troi, hoping for some guidance in feeling normal. The smile she gave me was the same one the consultant gave when she saw how much control she had over Jennifer Hart.

Troi decided to have some fun with me in my suggestible state – she began to plant the seeds for a smoker in there. I had had the occasional cigarette, but never really enjoyed smoking.

Troi wanted a smoking buddy.

She succeeded.

By Sunday afternoon, after some time spent in a dark closet, arms and ankles tightly bound to a chair, a sleep mask over my eyes and headphone looping for what seemed like endless hours – the voice stopped, and I felt my arms and ankles being freed.

A hand guided me up and took the headphones off. I was being led somewhere, I didn't where, until I felt the satin sheets of Troi's bed beneath me. The sleepmask was removed and Troi stood there, black satin bra and panties and long black satin gloves. She was smoking a cigarette.

The rest of that evening is a blur of sexual activities and smoking and even more hypnosis.

By Monday morning, I woke up in Troi's bed, happy with the weekend we just had of watching movies and basically being lazy – I was sure that was what had happened.

Monday night, I'm at home and at 8:30 pm I felt my body tingling, my brain going numb. I thought I was maybe having a stroke. But then I felt calm and relaxed and I could hear clear as day, as if she was in the room with me, Troi's voice – *Get up, you must dress in all black.*

I did so. *You must open the top drawer in your nightstand and remove the gold key.*

I did so – where did this key come from?

Now you must go to Troi's work. You have a very important job to do.

The next thing I knew, I was in my car, driving on automatic pilot. I wore tight black jeans, a black long sleeve t shirt and underneath those, black satin gloves – no finger prints.

I got to her store, unlocked the front door with the key and glided over to the keypad and typed in the code that magically appeared in my head.

I went in to the back office, all the while, being as quiet as I could be. I went straight to a drawer and took out the envelope marked ‘secret information’. As I held it in my gloved hands I felt such a sexual rush that I practically soaked my panties right there and then.

I started to head for the door, but when I turned around, there was someone there.

Troi.

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She had been in there the whole time – waiting.

I was shocked, my brain panicked – she wasn't supposed to be here. I've been caught. She's going to turn me in.

She walked towards me, my body paralyzed. She took the envelope from me and started to unbutton her blouse. She smiled at me and said.....something that I cannot, to this day, remember.

I fell in to her arms and she gently put me down on the ground and you can imagine what we did there.

The brainwashing experiment was a success.

Brainwashing though hypnosis can happen. I believe it 100%.

And I'm still trying to get my next fix. I'm a hypno junkie. No two ways about it.

said 18 months ago Report Abuse Permalink · 11 Comments

Ramblings about hypnosis



It's amazing that slide down in to hypnosis.

The first time you are hypnotized, you don't know what to expect so when you feel your body begin to get heavy and tired, it's slightly surprising. But comfortable and calming.

You feel those legs and arms get heavy as you continue to listen to the voice of your hypnotist, soothing your brain into a comfortable state.

The best part is when (after your eyes get soooo heavy that you have to close them, because keeping them open takes too much effort) you can feel your head, inside of it, your mind – you can actually FEEL it. And you feel it slightly spinning, and expanding in to relaxation.

It is a little bit like when you take Nyquil or some other cold medication, designed to help you sleep. It's a little dizzying, but good. Relaxing.

And you don't know it yet, but you are about to give yourself over to hypnosis and the hypnotist.

And when you relinquish it, it's like this wash of comforting relaxation drips through out your entire body and you float along in blackness, in time and in space and the only tether you have to consciousness is the hypnotist's voice.

And you mentally grab hold of that tether and allow it to pull you down, deep down in to the depths of hypnosis.

And if you can go deep enough, if you can go to a depth of complete, and wonderful blackness, you are ready...to give it all over to the hypnotist...for whatever they want to do...and you know

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if you do...you will feel wonderful.

said 18 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 3 Comments

Entry for January 31, 2008



Sometimes I like to go back and read the basic idea and concept behind those things that turn me on 🌐

Brainwashing (also known as **thought reform** or as **re-education**) consists of any effort aimed at instilling certain attitudes and beliefs in a person — sometimes unwelcome beliefs in conflict with the person's prior beliefs and knowledge. [

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brainwashing>

Hypnosis (from the Greek *hypnos*, "sleep") is "a trance-like state that resembles sleep but is induced by a person whose suggestions are readily accepted by the subject." [1]

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hypnosis>

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What a year it has been!



This was a year of definite ups and downs — struggles and hardships, good times and lots of hypnosis along the way. I dealt with cancer and so far, so good. I dealt with my hypnosis obsession — still a bit of struggle, but we move on. I have looked around owls and mistresses trying to find the best brainwash — I may have found it (thank You, Mistress C) All in all, I just wanted to say to everyone - HAVE A **SAFE AND HYPNOTICALLY HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!**

said 20 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 0 Comments

Hypnosis and Brainwashing - 2nd cousins?

...yahoo.com/.../FUXQ6ZEXNIG5I...



Now there are those that will tell you hypnosis and brainwashing are not related, that there is no direct correlation between the two.

I disagree.

I think that hypnosis is a mild form of brainwashing. I think it's a form of self-brainwashing.

I mean, think about it: Would you normally allow just anyone to help you 'lower your defenses' and prod around your mind?

No. Of course not.

It's your mind we're talking about here, people.

But there is something so nice about letting that black, velvet curtain of hypnotic trance fall down in front of you and just sitting in the darkness...still...relaxed...calm...unaware of what is being done to your mind...allowing the hypnotist poke and look around your brain...then, every so subtly, brainwashing you in a tender, caring way...

And don't we just love every minute of it?

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THE THREE FACES OF SERENA PART 1



PART ONE: SERENA

Serena is not my true name.

But it's who I am?

Confused? Yeah, sometimes I am too.

My real name starts with an 'A' and ends with an 'A' and isn't Anna.

But Serena was put upon me many years ago during an all weekend session with my friend Troi. You can read about her elsewhere on this blog and you can see how she had the most profound effect on me in terms of hypnotic brainwashing.

Most of my life, I've been a fairly good person – did well in school, was very social, didn't have one clique or group, drank occasionally and hardly ever smoked.

Troi wanted to change all that.

It was her obsession with creating a new personality in someone that led to her testing the boundaries of hypnosis.

As she told me later (since my memory of the entire event is slightly fuzzy) she began to create a wall in my mind – looking like a black velvet curtain that slowly unraveled itself, blocking out any semblance of who 'A' is (or was).

I have vague recollections of this curtain coming down, and my childhood disappearing. My friends and family going away, but it didn't matter, because the relaxation was so intense, so overwhelming that it was all I cared about.

Eventually, I was blank.

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Lying there in Troi's bedroom, blank and ready to be made anew.

Troi had a spy fetish. Emma Peel was the first time she realized that women turned her on. So she was going to use that as a template (why I'm not Emma, well...I couldn't tell you)

She went to work on me.

She created a birth for me, made me experience it.

She created a childhood for me. She made me English.

I had rich parents that went off on holiday while I stayed with the nanny at home.

I eventually went to an all girls boarding school.

While there, I indulged in two behaviors that would be a constant in any role I was to be programmed to play: smoking and experimenting with ladies.

I had had the occasionally cigarette while out drinking – enough drinks in me and I thought I was a rock star, but Troi (who was a smoker) felt that it wasn't enough.

She created a love of smoking in me that (when I'm in my Serena mode) is as strong today as it was many years ago during that intense brainwash.

(I should say that in my day to day life, I don't smoke and actually find it somewhat disgusting...but when I see certain images or hear certain phrases, I glaze over and have to have one – ah, the power of the post-hypnotic that has been drilled into your subconscious)

Eventually, while at the Boarding School, my parents passed away in a strange accident.

I rebelled, became angry, fought against my teachers.

Eventually, someone from a secret section of the government came to see me and I was recruited.

Thus began a rigorous training process which lasted a couple of years (truth be told, it was probably only a few minutes, but in my mind, it felt like years)

Eventually, I was upgraded to agent status and went on my first few assignments.

Oh, I should add that one of the brilliant things Troi did during this brainwashing session, was to have me open my eyes and remain in trance (one of the most wonderfully odd sensations ever) She had laid out in front of me pictures of Kate Moss, and after studying these photos for god only knows how long, I was convinced that that was what I looked like.

Troi had gone as far to find pictures of Kate smoking (not too hard to do actually) to really bring home her cigarette fetish within me.

After several hours of this, Serena Moss was born.

At one point she brought me out of trance.

I opened my eyes, look around and I was no longer 'A'.

I WAS Serena.

I stood up and looked around.

I spoke with an English accent – "Where am I?"

"You're in my bedroom. Do you remember your name?"

I looked at her as if she was an idiot. "My name is Serena."

I stood up and walked to a chair. I moved differently, I acted differently.

I wanted a cigarette.

I remember Troi's smile as she handed me one and lit it for me.

I think she had built up the anticipation for one that when I took that initial drag I got instantly wet.

After my smoke, Troi said her magic phrase and I was down in the dark black depths of trance.

While in that state, sitting in the chair, Troi began to create an

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assignment, a mission I had been on.

I was investigating a resort where many of my fellow spies had returned with no memory of their stay there.

I was called in to investigate.

And during my investigation, I was drugged and was about to wake up, tied up and I was going to be interrogated.

And, as promised, I opened my eyes, drowsy from the chloroform that had been applied to me (or at least I thought it had)

And standing in front of me was the head of this resort (Troi) dressed in a sexy black bra and panty set, wearing a pair of long black gloves (we both shared a love of those)

She asked me a few questions, and I responded as Serena (that's who I am after all, right?)

When I didn't give her the answers she wanted, she turned and walked to dresser and turned around – my heart sank.

She was holding a syringe filled with a clear liquid.

Oh, shit. She's actually going to drug me!

"I'm going to inject you with a powerful hypnotic, Serena. It's a derivative of the truth drug we sometimes use in brainwashing. Once this in your bloodstream, you will be unable to resist and I can extract anything I want from your mind, as well as place new things in there."

I struggled against the straps holding my ankles and wrists into place.

She pushed the needle up against my arm, pushed it into the skin and plunged the drug into my body.

It was a weird rush at first – warm and soothing with a slight twinge of pain.

Then my body got really, really hot and I started sweating.

My brain spun around for a bit and then...I just was...

I sat there, glazed over, too heavy to move (unless I was told to of course)

"Serena, can you hear me?" she asked.

"...yes, I can hear you..." I responded, my voice even sounded distant to me

"I'm going to undo your straps, and you will remain calm and passive, do you understand?"

I nodded weakly. "...yes, I understand..."

She undid the straps and I looked over to see that my hands were free. Troi brought her Audrey Hepburn like face up close to mine and kissed me.

It was magnificent – she tasted like wine and cigarettes.

She then proceeded to ask me questions about why I was there and I answered every single one of them.

If I tried to resist, she would take her gloved finger and make a little circle on my forehead and I just slipped into the drug's influence.

I don't know how long this went on, but eventually I woke up in the morning.

It took a second to realize that I was 'A'. And that I remembered most of everything Serena had done. I was appalled and excited at the same time.

I turned to Troi and slapped her shoulder, waking her up.

"What?" she asked.

"You actually took a syringe and injected me with something? You fucking idiot! What if there was an air bubble in there or something? What the fuck did you put in me? I know you don't have access to sodium pentothal, what the fuck was it?" I was pissed off.

She just laughed that sexy laugh of hers and got out of bed.

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Her skinny frame walked to the dresser, picked something up and came back to bed.

She held out the syringe – it was a mechanical pencil, the kind you click to extend the lead.

She had convinced me that it was going to be a syringe.

There was no drug.

Only what she told me would happen.

The power of hypnosis.

Serena appeared so many times that she has kind of become a permanent part of 'A' (I despise talking about myself in the third person, by the way, but my mind is so fucked up that it seems kinda natural)

Though I no longer speak to Troi, if I see certain pictures of Kate Moss or certain things (a gloved hand holding a cigarette for instance) I feel Serena knocking at the door of my mind.

And that is the tale of Serena's birth and first adventure into this world.

STAY TUNED FOR CHAPTER 2 - NADJA

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

Coming soon...



three faces of Serena...

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

Seriously, what the fuck?

This is a rant, a raving if you will. There are a few issues in here I want to get off my chest.

I got a lot of things on my mind and if I don't just put it out there, I'll go bust and that won't be good for anyone.

I am addicted to hypnosis.

Thinking about it, doing it, I can feel the chemicals produced by things of a sexual nature flow through my blood stream and I lose some sense of reason and become almost trance like.

Now while there's a part of me that is excited by this, there is another part of me that is pissed off by it. Of all the things to have an addiction to, it has to be something I can't just put away.

If you're an alcoholic and you don't wanna drink anymore? Don't go to the bar.

You're a drug addict and don't want the high anymore? Don't buy drugs.

If you're a sex addict (and lets face it, that's what this is) and you don't want to be addicted to your thing anymore? Well...you can't quite just reach in to your veins or your brain and rewire it. Well you could...if you weren't addicted to hypnosis!

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You see my plight?

I go through periods where all I want to do is spend my life, hypnotized 24/7 – totally brainwashed, able to respond to someone at THEIR whim. That's it.

I watch – no, I STUDY – shows like Hart to Hart and Charlie's Angels, lovingly watching Jennifer Hart and Julie Rogers as they sit there, helpless to resist, their eyes glassy and distant, yet still focused on the words of their controller.

I wish I was them. God damn it I wish I was them.

Then, the sexual cloud of confusion fades away and I look at my life. And I ask myself – hat the fuck?

This addiction has allowed me to waste countless dollars, countless hours and countless years away for what? An orgasm? For lengthy periods of hypnotic foreplay? Really? THAT'S IT?

Yeah, the IMs and emails and story writing is fun.

But there are other things I should be doing with my life.

And now those moments have passed.

I get pissed at myself.

I get down.

I get depressed.

After my cancer scare I thought it would be a wake up call to start living my life again.

But the siren's call of hypnosis is too fucking strong for me.

And I came back. Like a domesticated dog I came back and allowed my mind to be tampered with my some – a wonderfully manipulative phone Mistress, Mr. Daniel's studies were quite powerful against my already conditioned mind, etc.

And somehow, somehow, I got caught up in all of the dramatic bullshit that was going on around here. I had made some friends who gave me shit cause I was having fun with Mr. Daniel. One of these 'friends' proceeded to spout this hateful, hateful tirade against sissies, calling them sick and deranged.

I happen to have a lot of friends that are sissies. They're more normal than I am.

I pointed out to this 'friend' that it was odd that this person, a lesbian, was writing a message of hate when she herself had been hated against for so long.

Whatever.

She can go fuck herself.

She also gave me shit and called me a sissy because I hadn't posed a picture of what I look like online (yeah, big surprise people, I am NOT in any of the pictures above – that's Nadja Auermann).

I am happy to report that I am NOT a sissy but a woman (let me double check...yup...no penis down there!)

I do not post a picture of myself online because I have family and friends on this yahoo 360. They do not know about my addiction. And I don't want them to know about it.

The internet provides us with a certain bit of anonymity. And I will use that for what its worth.

And if this 'friend' has a problem with it, she can suck my imaginary dick. 🌐

Any way, I look at my life right now and I have to say – not so much with the happy.

Hypnosis, the fantasy of it (despite my real brushes with it) has taking precedence over reality.

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And that has to stop.

If I keep going the way I have been I will be dead within a year, I have no doubt about it.

And it will either be in one of the following ways:

1. I'll find myself hypnotized and brainwashed in the person of someone who is not completely trustworthy or reliable and they will do something horrible to me
2. I will find myself trying to get myself into the deepest trance state possible and doing that with the help of various drugs (I have one friend who has offered to use Scopolamine on me – a powerful hypnotic from South America – look it up)
3. I'll take my own life.

I don't know how to find a balance with this thing.

I don't think it is possible.

It is too powerful for me.

I don't know.

Eh, what the fuck...

said 16 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

A session in Florida



The room that I'm sitting in has had its blinds pulled. The bright sun outside is barely present through the blinds. I know that outside it is in the 80's and humid. But inside, here in this room, it is cool. The room itself is mostly white and bare – exception being a pull out couch, a small table, a TV with a VCR hooked up to it, and a plush, white, recliner chair.

That's where I'm at right now.

The chair.

My body rests in it, heavy like lead.

My arms are like stones on the arm rests. They are too heavy to move.

The fabric of the chair touches my naked, cool skin.

My skin reacts to the coolness of the room, small goose pimples all along my thighs and arms and chest.

There is a stillness in here.

I like it.

I inhale deeply and eventually, after holding it in, I exhale.

As I do, my body grows heavier and heavier – I swear I didn't know it could be this heavy. And the heavier it gets, the more numb my brain goes. I find that the rest of the world has fucked off and I couldn't care

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less.

All that matters to me right now is this room. This room, and her words.

Oh, and the spiral.

I forgot to mention, possibly because my brain has been anesthetized by hypnosis, that on the wall opposite me, is a spiral, about four feet long. It's not an exact spiral, more like two circles, warped and intertwined somehow.

And I've been watching it for the last hour or so. And I'm afraid to look away from it, because I know that if I do, the room would move and shift around in such an odd way – I would feel dizzy and I would have to close my eyes – but I don't want to close them...even though they are so heavy.

She continues to talk to me, and her voice is as if it is inside my head.

I realize I have on headphones and she is sitting on the other side of the room, talking in to a microphone.

Everything is a jumble but I think I now remember how I got here.

I met Josephine. She is a hypno-therapist. We met socially. We hit it off.

I confessed to her my obsession, my fetish for her talents.

She took advantage of it slowly, over time.

Eventually, we got to this point.

Me in her office, dead weight on her chair.

Her professional hypno-therapist's voice in my brain.

Oh, God, she just said the word 'brainwashed'. I feel sexual excitement punch me in the crotch.

She says it again and I swear I'm going to cum.

She says something else, but my head is tingling, on fire and I don't even realize that my right hand is moving to my crotch and...what is it she has me doing?

She says 'brainwashed' again and I want to ooze all over her fucking chair right then and there.

I'm masturbating.

She actually has me masturbating, staring at the spiral, naked in her office.

This is where she does business.

As a hypno-therapist.

Oh, god I'm so close to cumming.

"Brainwashed" she says it again – she actually says it again.

I'm moaning loudly, my moans muffled by the heavy headphones I have on.

I don't ever want this moment to stop, ever, ever, ever...

Brainwashed – fuck me, this is gonna be loud.

When I cum, I scream, I gasp.

And then she says something, and my eyes slam shut like a heavy metal door.

My hand falls down between my thighs.

I barely have time to register that there's a dampness down there, my hand barely touching my cum.

Even with my eyes closed, my head is dizzy.

The spiral, those circles are still visible in the darkness behind my closed eyes.

And she goes on...talking on and on, in that lovely, delicate English accent of hers.

She's telling me to do something, to forget something...to...what was she saying?

My god I love being hypnotized.

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Eventually I open my eyes and she is standing over me, smiling.

"How do you feel?" she asks me.

I sleepily smile and grab her, pulling her towards me and kissing her on the mouth.

I don't know why, but I'm naked in her chair.

And I've cum.

All over myself.

My god, I fucking love hypnosis.

Years later, after her and I had stopped seeing one another, I would drive by her office near the beach – hoping she would be willing to see me again – but I was too scared. She was probably scared that I would report her for a breach of ethics.

But I would never do that.

Even if I momentarily thought of doing that, the wave of an orgasm would roll over me and wash away the thought.

I wondered if that happened due to a post-hypnotic suggestion.

Mmmmmm...that would have been nice...a little brainwashing by a professional hypno-therapist.

How deliciously soap opera of me.

said 16 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 9 Comments

More of my Adventures in Hypnosis!



Years ago, living on the east coast, I had bought my first computer and had been poking around this new fangled thing called THE INTERNET!

It was nice to see that I wasn't alone in my obsessive compulsive behavior with hypnosis.

It was nice to find a website that chronicled as many of the instances of hypnosis in media up to that point.

It was nice to even find a few sites with some pictures.

It was nice to find AOL chat groups about hypnosis.

Through one of these chat rooms, I met someone who seemed to be interested in hearing my thoughts on hypno fetish. He listened intently and his responses were kind and understanding. It was only after about three times of chatting with him that I realized that his responses were laced with carefully chosen words such as 'relax' and 'calm' and 'soothing' and 'tired'.

It clicked – he was trying to relax me for hypnosis!

I confronted him (confront is such a harsh word, asked him would be more like it) and he denied nothing. He said he was a hypnotist who was looking for suggestible people to test his skills on.

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After a few more weeks of online discussion, I decided to call him.

I remember laying there in my bed, the lights off, my body clothed in only underwear, nervously wondering what his voice would sound like.

Would it be low and baritone?

Would it be high pitched and geeky?

When he answered, the most soft and soothing voice came through the phone and I knew I was going to be okay.

We had about 10 phone sessions, each ending with a mild orgasm.

He never took me very deep, but it was enough to give me the basic idea (after all, up to this point, my only experiences with hypnosis were the following: a self help hypnosis tape for sleep, a VHS cassette of hypnosis with trippy images and a guided induction and the last one was with an actual hypnotist – more on that some other time)

But as I lived on the east coast and he was in L.A., there wasn't much more than phone and online we could do.

A couple of years later, I had met my friend Troi (see previous blog)

Then, I had decided to move out to Los Angeles to be with some friends and experience some life.

First thing I did when I got there was set up my computer and track down my hypnobuddy, we'll call him Dan.

Dan lived a mere 15 minutes away from where I was staying.

So one night, after a lot of IM hypnotic foreplay, I couldn't stand it any more. The thought of meeting this strange man and having him hypnotize me in person was too much.

Like a dream, I realized I was in my car, driving to his house.

I walked up to the housing complex, heart pounding. I pressed the button for his condo and he buzzed me in. I was wearing sweat pants and a black hoodie, and underneath, a t-shirt and my panties (which were getting wetter with anticipation).

I walked to his door and he was standing there, waiting for me. He had the kindest smile, and the warmest manner. He welcomed me in and led me to his couch.

The house was darkly lit, candles everywhere. I was nervous, and he knew it.

So we talked. I don't know for how long, but I think he realized that at some point, my nerves were gone and I was ready because out of nowhere, he reached behind a pillow on the couch and pulled out a crystal on a strong...the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

He held it in front of my eyes and I was instantly drawn to it. The way the candles lit it was magnificent. I barely noticed his hand on my chest, pressing me back into the soft, comfy couch.

He talked hypnotically to me while I watched the crystal spin and turn in the candle light.

Keep in mind that by this point in my 'hypnosis career' I had been under the deepest level of hypnosis someone could achieve so my mind was pretty well conditioned to the reflexive action that is 'going in to trance'.

The crystal turned and turned and his voice, his wonderfully soothing voice surrounded me like a warm blanket. I remember my arms getting heavy and at point I think I actually looked away from the crystal, down at them in marvel 'why can't you move?'

His hand slipped under my chin and guided my view back to the crystal...

The rest is foggy...

...I remember walking up the stairs to a couch on the second floor...

...I remember staring at a candle...

...I remember his hands on the front and back of my head, turning it around and around...

...I remember getting so hot that I had to get naked...

...I remember his hand sliding across my body...

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...I remember some kind of oil being applied to me down there...I remember him saying the oil was a hypnotic drug and once I felt it against the skin, I would tingle and then fall, feeling slightly drunk and truthful...

...I remember feeling tipsy and wanting to talk to him and tell him whatever he wanted to know...

And then I was driving home, knowing I had such a great time with Dan, and I couldn't wait to do it again.

We must have had another fifteen or so sessions.

Most of it exists in bits and pieces in my brain.

He tapped in to some things that Troi had put in place – the desire and need for brainwashing in particular.

I have seen pictures he took of me, sitting there in deep trance, arms heavy on the arm rests, eyes closed.

I have seen pictures he took of me, nude and rigid as a steel bar stretched across two chairs – I don't remember taking those pictures.

There were times where I would be online, and an IM box would pop up...I couldn't tell you what was said in the box, only that the next thing I knew, I was in the car on my way to his house.

And every session ended with me so satisfied and wonderfully drowsy and wanting to do it again.

I eventually moved back to the east coast, but Dan and I talk from time to time.

In fact, he once came out here and I spent a good 12 hours with him in his hotel room...under hypnosis...

But that's another story...

said 18 months ago [Report Abuse](#) · [Permalink](#) · [3 Comments](#)

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Big Thank You's



Just overwhelmed with the emails and IMs and PMs and anything other form of internet communication that was waiting for me when I returned from my 3 day weekend.

I have to say, somehow, word has gotten out about my little corner of the web and I'm very grateful to all of the kind words and questions and so forth.

Thank you so much! 😊

I will have a new blog up this week – can't decide what to write about:

1. Three Faces Part 3 - Danielle
2. More Nadja
3. The time I hypnotized Troi
4. The hypnotic fantasies that sometimes run through my head
5. More Serena
6. Hypnotic ramblings

So many options...

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 3 Comments

THE THREE FACES OF SERENA: PART 2... part 2?

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LAST TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE
BRAINWASHING OF NINA

THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 10

THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 9



I don't know how long I had been staring at the spiral. And I don't know how many glasses of wine I had been ordered to drink. I do know there was at least one more Nyquil caplet in my system now. My body felt like it was floating. It was wonderful.

The spiral, in all of its black and white spinning glory, held me captivated. The center always just out of reach, yet so close.

I was chanting, over and over... "Mistress Cassie brainwashes me...Mistress Cassie brainwashes me...Mistress Cassie brainwashes me..."

I somehow managed to look away from the screen, over at the clock on the desk – 5:00 am. The clock face was wavy – side effect of spiral staring.

I leaned over, picked up the headset for the phone and hit redial. Through the ear piece the sound of ringing was jarring, but then the click and the soft, soothing voice of my Mistress came through. "Hello?"

"Hello, Mistress Cassie. This is Nadja." I said.

"And have you completed your assignments, Nadja?" she asked.

"Yes." I responded, now focused on the spiral again.

"Very good." A long pause, my relaxed heart beating a little quicker with anticipation – what was her sexy, hypnotic, powerful voice going to make me do next? "Light a black cigarette, Nadja."

Robotically, my gloved hand reached over, took out a black cigarette, and lit it. The smell of cloves and smoke in the air. The first drag, the deep inhale of smoke sent an instantaneous, conditioned response to my arms and legs – tingling and heaviness. We had worked on this for awhile now...and how did we get here?

Rewind.

I had hung up the phone with the command to open a file on my computer desktop labeled 'Nadja'.

Inside were going to be pictures, videos and a document with my history.

Prior to that (if you've been keeping score) I had taken Nyquil, drunk a couple of glasses of wine and listened to my 'brainwashing cd' which had effectively dulled my mind and memory. Another side effect is that it creates a temporary sense of acceptance towards your hypnotist. Whatever she (or he) tell you to do, you kind of accept because the alternative is too hard and stressful and you don't like stress – so you relax and accept.

So there I was, looking at pictures of myself. Then I watched the

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videos of me on a fashion runway. My long legs moving like silk in the wind. My intense blue eyes scanning the room. I spoke with a German accent, but I was told I was Russian. After some drugged processing, my brain settled on a Russian accent since that was what my mistress told me I was. Then I opened the word document that was a detailed history of who I was (yeah, I was THAT bored one day that I wrote backstory for Nadja)

After that, I called Mistress back and she had me take another Nyquil and glass of wine. She proceeded to drill into my hypnotized mind her control over me and the effect of things around me – the spiral, the white cigarettes and the black cigarettes, the oral syringe with the 'hypnotic drug' in it (i.e. vodka) This went on for...I don't know. It seemed like hours.

After that, she had me stare at the spiral for an hour, chanting the whole time.

So here I was, smoking one of the drugged black cigarettes and listening to her voice.

"You are now ready for an assignment, Nadja. You are now ready to be my hypnotized secret agent." She said – her voice so intense against my brain. She commanded me to continue smoking while she spoke.

When I hung up with her, I was to stare at the spiral for another ten minutes, chanting. Once those ten minutes were up, I would strip and change into a beautiful black evening gown I had hanging up to the side. I would keep the long black satin gloves on. I would attend to my make up in the mirror and then I would sit back down, stare at the spiral for another 10 minutes, chanting. Then I would close my eyes and when I opened them, I would stand and walk in to the next room.

In the next room was a magnificent night club – not too loud, the music at the right level. There were scores of people here, all dressed up in fancy gowns and suits. I moved through the crowd, slinking my way to the person I had been commanded to intercept – his name was Steven. I saw him, reached into my small purse and removed and lit a cigarette, grabbed a glass of wine and planned my next move.

I made my way to his side, noticing his handsome features – the dark hair, the dark eyes, the chiseled jaw. My mission was simple – get him away from the party, seduce him, then hypnotize him for information, then return to the operations room and contact my Mistress.

"Hello." I said. Steven turned, saw me and smiled – it was hard not to, I was too beautiful looking this evening. I knew I had him from the start.

We talked and I smoked, doing my best to make my smoking style as seductive as possible. Eventually I convinced him to follow me out of the club and to my hotel room. It was a short trip but in no time we were in my room, the lights off. I grabbed his jacket and pulled him to me, my lips pressing against his. I could taste the alcohol on his lips. Our tongues met, feeling like two velvet gloved hands brushing up against one another. Eventually I spun him around and sat him down on the edge of the bed.

My hand moved to the straps of my dress and a flick and the dress slid against my body – the sound of it caressing my pantyhose as it slid to the floor was marvelous.

There I stood in only panties, pantyhose, black satin bra and gloves. He said something, but it didn't register to me – it didn't matter. I was only at the start of my plans for him.

I straddled him, easing his head back down on to the bed. I leaned over, kissed him strongly. Then my hands crept down, undoing his belt and pants – the easiest way to get a man in to the first steps of absolute subservience, manipulate his sexual appetite.

I moved on to my side and as I kept my hand down there tickling,

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teasing, my other hand brushed his forehead and scalp line. He leaned close to his ear and whispered to him, "Do you want to feel something absolutely incredible?"

He responded 'yes' (as I knew he would)

"Then all I want you to do is to listen to what I tell you...just let me tell you what to do and you listen...simple to do...simple to feel so wonderful and relaxed...just feel my hands on your cock...on your head...moving back and forth...so relaxing lying here on the bed...listening to me talk...feeling my hands...back and forth...such a long day you've had...and now you can relax...do nothing...very simple to do, yes?"

He nodded.

"Listen to me...listen to the sound of my voice...you can relax with me...you can relax and let me take control now...let me take care of you...I want to see you happy and relaxed...so feel my hands...let them do what they want to you...and you just listen to me...and let me relax you more and more...relaxing more and more...more and more...down in to the bed...sinking...relaxing...relaxing and letting go...so good to relax, isn't it?"

He barely nodded this time. By now I was focusing more on his scalp and hair than his crotch.

I straddled him again. My gloved fingers made circles on his temples and he tried to move his arms to touch me. "No, no...you keep those heavy, heavy arms by your sides...you don't have to do anything...you don't have to do anything but listen...and let me do all the work...all I want you to do is to relax...simple to do...simple to do...relax...relax...reeeeellaaaxxx...just pretend it is the end of a long work day for you...you've worked soooo hard today...and now you want to rest...let me help you rest...relax..."

I continued circles on his temples and soon he was on his way. "I will count from 10 to 1...each number can help you relax more and more...all you have to do is listen and let it happen...so easy to let the word 'relax' relax you...10...going down deeper and deeper...9...feel my fingers on your temples...helping you go down...8...more and more relaxed...more and more...7...relax...let it all go and relax...6...loving the sound of my voice as it guides you down...down...down...5...slipping down in to the dark,, dark place of sleep...4...so close to it now...don't look back...no need to...no need to think about looking back as you move down to number 3...down...down...2...almost there...almost...there...1...relax...relax..."

He sighed and sank down in to the bed. I lifted his arms and let them drop. He was hypnotized.

I got off him and went to my purse and removed the syringe. Rolling up his left sleeve quickly, I injected him with the drug and waited twenty seconds.

"Steven...can you hear me?"

His voice was to far away, almost too hard for me to hear, but I continued with my mission.

"What is the code for the computer?"

He told me a series of numbers, which I committed to memory instantly.

"Steven, when you wake in the morning, you will have no memory of me. You will not remember how you got here. You will completely forget...completely forget."

I pulled my dress back on and gathered my belonging and left in to the night...into the next room, where I sat down and the world I was just in vanished. I placed the headset on and hit redial. "Hello?"

"Mistress Cassie. This is Nadja. I have completed my mission."

"Very good, Nadja. And what is the code?"

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"5-8-4-0-5-9-3." I told her.

"Excellent, my little hypno-spy. And we should celebrate. You will pour yourself a glass of wine and light a white cigarette."

I did so – I had no choice.

"Take a sip of the wine and then follow it up with a long, deep drag off your cigarette." She commanded.

I obeyed.

"I want you to take another hypnotic green pill and wash it down with some wine."

I obeyed again, the pill going down my throat.

"Now, Nadja...another long, deep drag off your cigarette."

I brought the cigarette to my lips and inhaled, the smoke from the tip twisting up in to my eyes.

"Feel the addictive quality of the cigarette take hold of you, tying you to me and my voice and my commands. Smoke again." I did and my legs tingled, my arms tingled and I wished I could never leave this state of mind – smoking, brainwashed, obeying...

"Now, Nadja, in a moment you will hang up with me. You will activate the spiral on your computer and watch it while you finish your cigarette. You will finish your glass of wine and then once you are finished with all of that, you will strip down to you panties and gloves and you will sleep deeply. You will sleep until 10 o'clock – you must wake up at 10. When you do, you will shower and get dressed in a clean pair of black satin panties and stockings and gloves. You will then watch hypnosis videos for one hour. As you watch the hypnosis clips, you will see yourself as the women in the clips being hypnotized. You will see how many times you have been hypnotized and brainwashed and know how easy it is for me to do this to you as you have been under so many times already. After that hour is up, you will call me. And I will tell you what to do next. Do you understand?"

I nodded, feeling the wine and Nyquil and pull of the spiral washing over me.

"Yes Mistress." I responded, enjoying the cigarette so much.

And as if she was psychic, "Nadja, on second thought, after you finish your white cigarette, light a black one and when you finish that one, then you may sleep...do it now."

CLICK.

She was gone.

And I sat, and stared, and drank, and smoked.

And that was only day one.

Of course I didn't go to any night club or seduce any man, but it was so real. I could see it and smell it and it was only in my living room and bedroom. The levels of hypnosis one can go to is amazing.

I may write about the rest of that weekend or other sessions we have had in the future. But the third, and newer face of Serena has yet to be written about.

STAY TUNED FOR CHAPTER 3 - DANIELLE

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

Q & A



Thank you for all of your questions. Part 2 of Nadja will be up by the end of the week and the third part of **The Three Faces Of Serena** will be up next week.

Also, a big shout out to a couple of people who have been touting this blog across the internet:

1. The poster over at Inraptured.com. Thank you.
2. Nikki Fatale. Thank you. Still want to read a transcript of the chat session about this blog :)

What is your real name?

My real name is xxxxx. Oh, wait...I did say it started and ended with an 'A', didn't I? So it is AxxxxA. And that's all you'll get. And even if you guess it...I ain't telling!

Are these stories real or fiction?

98% real. Some facts may have been hyped up a bit and that comes from faulty memory. We often tend to add spins on our memories as we get older, which brings me to...

How old are you?

I'm 35. Will be 36 later in the year.

Is that you in the picture on your site?

No. The one picture (velvet gloves cigarette) is of the very gorgeous Nadja Auermann. The other two are of the equally beautiful Gillian Anderson (one of her actually hypnotized at a wrap party for the X-Files and the other from a photo shoot) and the fourth may have changed by the time I post this so...there you go.

I won't be posting a picture of myself any time soon. I have family and friends who use Yahoo 360 and they don't know about my hypno life and I'd like to keep it that way.

Are you in a relationship now?

I am not. Haven't had a serious one in a few years now. Dated a few times, but work and hypno have kept me busy.

Are you a lesbian?

I'm an equal opportunity lover. I have had sexual encounters with both men and women and have equally enjoyed both. Last few years have been men.

Can I contact you?

Well...you just did, didn't you? You emailed me, so that's contact. No, I won't be giving out my phone number.

Where do you live?

New York City. No, you can't have my address. I'm hypno-

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desperate, not stupid.

Are you really a girl?

No. I'm a woman. There's a difference.

I know what you say on your blog, but do you smoke?

I am an ex-social smoker. I used to only smoke when there was lots of alcohol involved (when I got to the part where I would think I was a rock star, the cigarettes would come out) Actually I think smoking is really dumb. Really dumb.

The only time I smoke now is when I'm in trance and Serena, Nadja or Danielle. There are some glamorized things about smoking that still get me tingly.

Can I trance you? Or I'd like to trance you. Or I know I can take you very deep.

Can you, now? How's that working for you?

I have those who I let trance me and I'm quite happy with them. However, if you'd like to leave a headshot and a resume at the door, I'd be glad to look it over.

Are you still being brainwashed by anyone at this time or are all these experiences in your past?

All the things I'm writing about go back as far as 1995. The only one I've been active with lately is Mistress Cassie (and a little bit with Mr. Daniel before he left) I haven't had what I like to call a personal contact session since March.

What is the purpose of you writing these blogs?

I don't know. I wrote my first one about my experiences with my friend Troi and the response I got was very kind. I just decided to write about the next one, and then another one and so on. Sometimes I want to write these and hope someone can come in to my life and completely consume me and my mind and I will just do whatever it is they choose for me to do. But then another part of me feels somewhat relieved with telling these experiences to others – some of them for the first time ever.

As long as you can read it and get something out of it, then my job is done.

Also, there are subliminal messages in these blogs and you probably are feeling the effects of it – you can send money to me via paypal...

How do you think balance can be achieved in your life between your fetish and vanilla obligations?

No clue. I think for some it is possible. I've seen them do it. But for me, it's near impossible. I am a sex addict, there's no two ways about it. There's an online quiz I took and guess what, I passed with flying colors! Woo hoo! I'm a sex addict!

So hypnosis and all of its sexual connotations is my addiction. My curse.

What do you do outside of the hypno world?

I work for a big company (that's all I'll say about that) I love movies. I'm a writer – working on a screenplay. I may get back in to acting sometime, don't know when.

After reading your 'Seriously, what the fuck?' post – you're not thinking of killing yourself are you?

Sometimes I do, I will admit. But to go through with it? That's something that may be well beyond me.

Do you brainwash others (ok... me)?

As I stated elsewhere, I have experience hypnotizing others and have done a slight bit of brainwashing. I feel that these days I would want to give the kind of commitment that is just not possible for me. If I do get the urge again to hypnotize someone

What has all this done with your sense of self? Who are you inside? What do you want to happen?

I wish I knew. I'm a different person every day. Some days I wake up and want to be the writer. Others I want to be in a relationship, happy and content, free of hypno and its allure. Other days I want to be sheathed in black satin, drowsy and tranced.

I think at the end of the day I just want to be happy. And if that means with or without hypno, only time will tell.

What's with the accents? Russian, English...

I am (or kinda used to be) an actress. They always have come naturally to me and as a new personality is infused in my mind, it goes with the territory. It's all about 'playing the part' I guess.

Hope that answers some of your questions. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got some serious writing to do.

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 3 Comments

We interrupt this broadcast...



...for a message from our sponsor! 😊

First off, apparently someone has been out there, spreading the word about my blog.

I am speechless.....not entirely cause i'm about to write some more, but i'll remain speechless for a bit longer..... 😊

OK, not to the crux of my post.

Gotten lots of IMs, PMs and emails. I'm giong to post a Q&A soon.

If you have a question you want answered about me and this page, send it to me and I'll try to include it.

I'm doing this because of many of the same questions coming my way and i hardly have enough time to organize my thoughts for the main blog posts.

So send it to me and i will post the Q&A very, very soon.

thank you

love

Serena

ps - i also just wanted to post the picture above - having fun with photoshop

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 1 Comments

THE THREE FACES OF SERENA PART 2



WARNING: I don't really condone some of the things I do in this story.

But I'm an adult and I take responsibility for my actions. You do the same :)

We were ready to do this.

Mistress Cassie and I had been doing calls for the last eight months or so. I had found her on www.enchantedhypnosis.com but now it was about to be the most intense session we had done yet.

Yes, I know, I was trying to recapture something that would probably never happen again in my lifetime – my weekends with Troi. But once you've had a taste of that, you want it.

Troi's sessions were like heroin, and I was one of the characters of 'Trainspotting' looking for the next fix.

So here I was, alone in my apartment, my roommate gone for the week which meant I had the weekend to be out of my head. I had gone through the details with Mistress Cassie and we had agreed on a 'plan of attack' if you will.

It started simply.

I ran the bath water, poured in the vanilla bubble bath (which was also a body scrub and shampoo – ah, the miracle of science!) I poured a glass of red wine and before I slipped into the hot water in the bathtub, I swallowed one green gel caplet of Nyquil.

I lay in the bath. In the other room, I had put a scene from Alias where Sydney was being brainwashed on repeat, so over and over I was hearing her be told the tale of how she was captured and the brainwashing process she went through. While that played, and I soaked and drank my glass of wine, I chanted 'Mistress Cassie brainwashes me. Mistress Cassie brainwashes me.' Over and over again.

When Mistress first suggested I chant, I was skeptical. Then I realized, that's something cults do – and they know how to brainwash a bit, so why not.

It works. Believe me. Do it enough and you believe it.

I washed my hair with the vanilla concoction – imagining it was the brainwashing shampoo from Bionic Woman and loving the lather it worked in to and the vanilla smell permeating the air.

I exited the bath, dried off and I went in to my home office, now set up for the weekend's events – a cup with cigarettes (white ones and black ones – more on that later) A tumbler with vodka and an

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oral syringe (more on THAT later). The computer itself was chocked with hypnotic goodies.

I slipped on my black, lycra catsuit that I had worn during sessions and for odd reason referred to as my Brainwashing Suit (once again, thanks Troi) I sipped another glass of wine while I did this, chanting...

Eventually, I sat in my chair, took a deep breath. The lights had been lowered, there were candles lit and the room smelled like vanilla.

The computer was set up and I put the headphones on, checked the time – 9:00. On time. I called up the playlist I created and sat back, feeling the effects of the two glasses of wine and one Nyquil pill.

Through the headphones I heard the woman's voice "Hello, I am a hypnotist..."

The CD was called 'Acceptance'. I got it from ???? and it was designed to clear ones mind out, making it blank for brainwashing purposes.

Here's the description:

<http://www.hypnoticwishes.com/adult/cd/cd16.shtml> *Mindwipe and Reprogram This recording trains for complete amnesia about your life for brainwashing purposes, so you can accept any programming, whether from listening to another CD right after it, or being told by your partner/dominant who you are, what you believe and what you like to do. When used prior to another CD, it multiplies the effects of that CD.*

So you can kinda see why I wanted to use it.

Well, I don't know if it was the wine or the Nyquil, but I sank into the blackness that is deep trance.

I had also recorded an mp3 that inserted before the wake up portion of the CD (yes, I've been on the other side of the swinging watch, dear friends). It was my voice, being as hypnotic as possible, filling me on who I was. Basically it was a personal history of Serena Moss I had written up as well as some post hypnotic suggestions to act upon.

I can't remember much about what was said on that CD. All I know is that when I opened my eyes, I was relaxed, content and dizzy. My movements were slow as I reached up and took off the headphones and put on the headphone for my telephone – just as I had been instructed to do.

I then moved my gloved, heavy hand to the mouse and double clicked on an icon labeled 'Spiral main'

A black and white spiral popped up on the screen and my eyes were sucked right in to the center of it.

My finger moved to the portable phone, not far from the mouse and as if trained, dialed the numbers: 1-8-7-7-2-2-6-9-8-1-0.

And then my hand fell back on to the arm rest, I sighed heavily and sank into the seat. Through the ear piece I could hear the phone ring once...twice...then She spoke "Hello?"

As if on automatic, I responded. "My name is Serena and I'm ready to be brainwashed."

On the other end, she laughed to herself, possibly maniacal, or maybe excited with the prospects about to begin.

Her next phrase a solid, intense "Serena – it is time to be brainwashed."

As if a switch had been turned on, I was awake, in the room, my wrists and ankles had been strapped to the chair. I was confused, a wave of dizziness getting stronger and stronger. And I was angry about it. "What the hell is going on?" I asked, an English accent fully coming from my lips.

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That laugh again from the other end, and she spoke, half-whisper, half-commanding. "Hello, Serena. I have captured you. You are my prisoner. And you are going to tell me what I want to know."

I seethed, fighting against the bonds on my wrists.

Mistress Cassie spoke "3-2-1 pin prick."

Someone poked my left arm with a needle. And my body went hot. "What the...what the fuck was that?" I asked, my voice trailing off.

"I've just had you injected with very powerful hypnotic drug, Serena. I'm going to continue drugging you through out the night. But right now, I'm going to show you how much control I have over you."

I was helpless, the spiral continuing its pattern of going around and around and around...

"I'm undoing the strap on your right wrist, you will be able to move it, but only how I tell you to move it." Mistress Cassie said. I looked down, the strap was gone, but I couldn't move my hand.

"Do you see a glass on your desk with a syringe in it?" she asked.

"I...yes..." was all I could say

"Your right hand is going to reach out and you will pick up the syringe...you will bring it to your lips." I did so. "Now, inject yourself with the strong hypnotic drug inside the syringe." I hit the plunger and warm, bitter liquid hit the back of my throat, burning as it dripped down into my belly.

"...yes..." I said weakly

"Good, now your left wrist is free but can only move how I tell it to. I want you to refill the syringe by putting it in the cup." I did so, the cup was filled with a clear liquid and I refilled it. I could feel it burning a hole in my stomach. "Now, look around the desk...do you see a glass of wine?"

"...i...I see it..." I mustered.

"And do you see a small dish with green pills?"

"...yes..."

"Good, take one of the pills and use the wine to help it go down."

I reached for one of the green gel caplets. Why was I doing this? If I tried to fight her, it didn't feel right. But if I accepted what she told me to do, it felt...relaxing.

I took the pill and swallowed. The wine was warm and tasty.

I sat back in the chair, resumed looking at the spiral.

"Now, Serena, it's time for you to smoke a cigarette."

The mp3 I listened to during my initial pre-call session, the mp3 I made, told me that I was a social smoker now, and generally didn't like smoking.

"...no...I don't want to smoke..." I fought as hard as I could.

Just then, Mistress Cassie's voice became firmer, "You cannot resist me, Serena. Take out a white cigarette and light it from the candle."

I reached for the cigarette, but managed to pull my arm back.

"... don't want to smoke.." I said again

Cassie spoke, her voice loud through the ear piece. "3-2-1, electric shock."

My body jerked with spasms as a voltage moved through it. I shrieked and Cassie said "Stop." The voltage ceased. My body tingled as the tight muscles relaxed.

"Now, Serena, unless you want to feel that again, pick up and light a white cigarette."

I obeyed this time, taking in the smoke and feeling relaxation was over me, my hands and feet tingling with each drag. She had me

smoke, staring at the center of the spiral, never looking away from it. By this time, the three glasses of wine, two Nyquil caplets and injection of vodka were taking effect. I was high.

Once I had finished the cigarette, Cassie had me continue to stare at the spiral and begin chanting again. As I did that, she began to do something I probably didn't expect possible – she began to deconstruct Serena. Taking her apart bit by bit. It was almost as if she was erasing Serena. I don't know how long this went for. But in the middle of it she had me look away from the spiral and at the cup of cigarettes...

If you've looked at a spiral for any amount of time, you know the wonderful vertigo-like effect you get when you look away from it. So I stared at this ceramic cup, the white and black cigarettes in it. "Serena, do you see the black cigarettes?"

"...yes, I see them..." I responded, drowsily.

"The black cigarettes contain an extremely powerful hypnotic drug, more powerful than anything else we've used tonight. These will make you an clean, empty, blank slate. You will be blank and empty and I will recreate who you are. Do you understand?"

For the first time, I was scared. It barely registered through the hypnotic haze I was in. "...I don't want to be blank..." I said.

Cassie responded quickly. "3-2-1, electric shock."

My body jerked and spasmed. She stopped it and then asked me again. I declined. And she jolted me again. And again. Until finally, I agreed to smoke a black cigarette.

My trembling hand took it, the silkiness of the black cigarette against the black satin glove was exquisite. "Now, Serena, you will light the cigarette and you will take a deep, deep drag and get comfortable in your seat. Do it now."

I leaned forward, put the cigarette to my lips, and lit it. I took a deep drag, leaned back into my seat and as I exhaled, I began to spin. Anyone who has smoked cloves knows that if you drag deep enough on them you get dizzy. Well, my hypnotized mind thought I was being drugged and my brain was going numb.

"With every exhale of the smoke," Cassie said, "more and more of your mind and who you are is leaving...going...going..."

I kept smoking. By the time that cigarette was finished, I was just there, floating with all of the chemicals in me, the spiral in front of me, and Cassie's voice inside my head.

"Now, you work for me, Mistress Cassie. You are my agent. You obey me and do only as I command, without question. Do you understand?" she said

"Yes, I understand." I responded, my voice relaxed but strong.

"Your name is Nadja. You are a Russian agent who works for me. On the desktop of the computer you will find a file with your name on it. In a moment, we will hang up, you will open the file and spend the next hour examining all of the pieces of information inside. All of the information is of you and who you are. In one hour, you will call me back for further brainwashing. Do you understand?"

"yes, Mistress." I responded affirmatively.

"Now go." She said.

I opened the file and inside were pictures and video clips. I watched every video clip, studied every picture and soon, I realized that I was looking at myself. I became fascinated with my look – tall and slender, sleek and exquisite.

In one hour, I called Mistress Cassie again. "Hello?" she said

Only this time, now English accent came out. It was Russian. And it was huskier than Serena's voice. And my movements were more fluid. "This is Nadja, Mistress Cassie. I am obeying my orders."

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"Very good, Nadja. And how do you feel."

"Relaxed." Was the only thing i could muster – it was how I felt.

"Excellent. And now we will continue your brainwashing, Nadja.
Let's get started."

The long weekend had just begun...

To be continued...

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Youtube clip mesmerizes me...



...it's in french, I have no idea what's going on, and I don't watch past the 6 minute mark, but I am completely mesmerized by this clip...

Youtube clip

...i reminds me a bit of some of the fantasies in my head – whatever they may be...

...the way the hypnotist moves his hands in passes, holding the head, soothing the girl wit hhis voice...they make me ache for an in person session...

...the girl looks a *little* like someone i know when she was a bit younger... ☺

If anyone out there speaks French and would like to translate, it'd be appreciated.

love serena

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THE THREE FACES OF SERENA PART 3 – DANIELLE



What do I know about Danielle?

Well, so far, not a lot.

I know that she has gone through more mental abuse than Serena or Nadja.

And she's a recent creation, too. She completely blindsided me.

I wasn't expecting her to arrive, or rather, be brought to life through me.

You see, Mistress Cassie and I were in the middle of a two day session. I had been drinking wine to keep me in a buzzed state for about 14 hours. I had smoked countless cigarettes and Mistress Cassie had done something to me that she hadn't done before.

At one point, a few hours in to our session, after I had listened to brainwashing CD, had set up the Nadja persona inside my mind, after I had 'drugged' myself with 'sodium pentothal injections' (once again, the vodka in the oral syringe – but I was so hypnotized, I didn't know) after I had done all of this stuff to ensure I was totally relaxed and that my mind was completely opened – Mistress Cassie had me look to the left, over at a full length mirror that was in my home office.

I stared at this tall, sleek blonde, with crystal blue eyes. She was sitting there, arms sheathed in black satin – black satin panties and pantyhose, a blank, black slate ready to be made up in to whatever Mistress wanted.

(the crazy thing is, I'm not tall and blonde...but I've so convinced myself that I am Nadja that I see HER when I looked in that mirror...weird)

So there I was, hypnotized, open, ready, drowsy, and then Mistress Cassie started in on me.

"Look at yourself my little hypno slave...look at your reflection... what do you see?"

I answered, my voice in a drowsy Russian accent. "I see myself... relaxed...sitting..."

Mistress Cassie's tone took a turn I'd never heard – abusive. "You are nothing. You are a worthless woman who is nothing. You are worthless and no one will ever love you or take care of you the way I will. You are nothing. I want you to say that. Say that you are nothing."

I was shocked, I'd be appalled and hang up if I wasn't so mesmerized by her voice and what she was saying. "...I am nothing..." and as I said those words, having been programmed to accept EVERYTHING my mistress says by my trusty brainwashing CD, I began to think that I was, indeed, worthless.

That I had no worth in this world.

Mistress Cassie continued. "You came to me as nothing and that's what you are now. A worthless piece of flesh that has no value and that no one will care about. And you know that I only speak the truth to you. That I only speak the truth and that you only accept it. You are nothing to me, Nadja. You are just another pawn, just another agent that I can use."

My crystal blue eyes began to drown in tears. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I began to sob, unable to look away from my reflection as the reality of it all sunk in – I was nothing. Here I thought that I meant everything to Mistress Cassie, that I was her star, and now I wasn't. my heart was broken.

My heart ached.

But she didn't stop there. "The only thing that you are good for is obeying me, isn't that right you worthless piece of shit?"

"Yes, Mistress." But it didn't come out as a calm, relaxed response. It was a gasp, a sob.

"And you will obey me, because you exist for me and me only. Do you understand?"

I went to speak, but my breath shuddered. "I... understand....Mistress."

"Good. Now be quiet...shhhh....shhhh....relax....relax..." her voice went soft, comforting, almost motherly.

My crying ceased. I wished I could move my heavy arms to wipe my eyes, but they were practically glued to the arm rests.

Mistress continued. "Relax...listen and relax my little hypnopet... just relax...absorbing all that I have told you...how you are nothing...and how no one will ever love you or take care of you...no one will ever love you or treat you with the love you deserve..." A long pause as I began to feel myself cry again, and that was when she hit me with it "except me. I will love you and take care of you. All you have to do is give yourself to me. Give yourself to me, give everything to me and let me guide you. You do want to feel loved, don't you?"

I was starting to cry again "yes, Mistress...very much."

"Good girl...you can be a good girl if you simply obey and do what I tell you to do...you can be worth something...you can be worth something if you do what I tell you and listen and obey me...don't you want to obey me?"

I nodded. "I do, Mistress."

"Good. I will allow you look away from your worthless reflection for a brief moment while you take the syringe of sodium pentothal and I want you to take two hits."

I reached over and removed the oral syringe from the up of vodka that I was convinced was some kind of truth drug. I put the syringe in my mouth and plunged the alcohol – my throat was on fire as it went down. Then, I refilled and took another "injection".

My throat burned, my stomach started churning and then...she spoke again...

"Light a black cigarette." I turned away, my arms moving on automatic and I picked up a black clove cigarette and lit it from the candle near by.

(for those not versed in the previous blogs – Mistress has me convinced that the black cigarettes are drugged with a powerful hypnotic narcotic that not only makes me more addicted to them, but opens my mine up to suggestion more and more.)

I turned back to see myself in the mirror as I took a deep drag on the cigarette – the powerful clove making my arms and legs tingle with relaxation. I had barely had time to exhale when Mistress commanded me "take another deep drag, do it now." Her voice

firm.

I did so, my head beginning to spin from the smoke (or the hypnotic drugs, it's hard to tell)

I broke out in to a cold sweat that permeated my entire body – I could feel it through my gloves.

And as I was starting to come down "Take another deep drag."

I did as I was told – to accept is relaxation.

I was going to be sick. I lunged forward, ready to heave, but I took deep breaths. "Listen to me, listen to my voice," came through the ear piece of the phone. I closed my eyes, the world spinning wildly. "Listen to my voice...listen...to my voice...listen...to my voice..." she said it over and over again.

I continued to breath deeply.

"I'm sick." I said. "I don't feel well."

And from the other end of the line I heard a chuckle. Mistress Cassie was actually laughing. "And you're going to be feeling like this all night until I am fully satisfied that you have been properly brainwashed. So take another drag off the black cigarette."

I did as I was told and then opened my eyes. The dizziness got worse.

"And now, I want you to stare at the spiral." It was as if she was doing everything that would only make my condition worse. "You will stare at the spiral for one hour. You will finish your black cigarette, You will chant over and over 'Mistress Cassie controls me, Mistress Cassie brainwashes me... Mistress Cassie controls me, Mistress Cassie brainwashes me...over and over until one hour is up...then you will call me back...do you understand?"

Weakly, I responded. "Yes, I understand."

"Smoke your cigarette hypnoslut."

And with that she was gone.

For the next hour, I stared and smoked and came close to being sick several times. At one point I actually broke away from the spiral and went into another room, lay on the floor, the cool tiles providing so much comfort to my forehead – but I was still chanting.

I couldn't stop chanting.

And the more I chanted, the more I felt guilty for not obeying my mistress.

So I got up, stumbled back to the spiral and stared and chanted.

At the end of one hour, the dizziness was gone and had been replaced with an odd feeling – I can only describe it as euphoria, as if I had woken up from a wonderful sleep and my body wasn't quite awake yet, but it felt wonderful...I felt recharged...I felt blank...

I called Mistress Cassie. I've spoken about this elsewhere, but when you sit in silence for so long, the ringing through the earpiece can be so jarring. But it almost feels like its snapping you to attention because after that...I hear... "Hello?" like a Catwoman awaiting her prey.

"Mistress Cassie...I have completed my task..."

"Very good, my little hypno-agent...my little hypnotized secret agent...you are MINE...always MINE and you cannot resist me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand." Was my monotone response.

"Very good. Now...I want you to take another shot of the hypnotic drug...do it now."

I did so.

"And now I want you to light another black cigarette,"

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I did so.

"And look in the mirror again...look at your reflection..."

I did so.

"And watch yourself closely...study yourself closely...see yourself smoking...take a drag and watch the smoke as you inhale and then exhale..."

I did so.

"As you exhale...everything that you are...all the worthless pieces that are left of you are going away as you exhale...the more you smoke, the more blank you become...the more you smoke, the more blank you become..."

I smoked more and more, and as I stared in the mirror, I could see the tall, blonde woman disappearing, being replaced with the real me...slightly jarring...but relaxing...

"Soon you will have smoked your entire mind and being away...you will be my hypno plaything...my hypnotized agent and I will remake you as I see fit...you are going away...exhaling the smoke and making yourself disappear..."

My head was on fire, spinning around and around...dizzy from the powerfully drugged cigarette.

The more I smoked, the more I felt as though I was floating on air. Floating...amazing...all from Mistress Cassie's voice...

"Tell me when you have finished your cigarette, when you have finished erasing your mind from existence."

When I had done so, I told her.

"Good. Put your cigarette out, hypnoslut."

I did so.

"Look away from the mirror and over to the spiral."

I did so.

"Watch it spin around and around...black and white lines moving around...drawing you in...sucking you in...sucking you in...you will stare at the spiral for one more hour...you will not move...you will chant Mistress Cassie controls me, Mistress Cassie brainwashes me...over and over...for one hour...then you will call me back...do you understand?"

"Yes...I understand..."

Click. She was gone.

And I stared. Lost in the lines. Lost in my head...lost...lost...lost...

Eventually the hour concluded and I called her back and the tone of her voice was more mischievous than it had ever been. "You have been completely blanked out and now you are going to be reborn as I see fit...you will be my greatest secret agent...you will be so brainwashed by me that even if you are captured by the enemy and they hypnotize you and attempt to brainwash you, you will be able to act as though they have succeeded, even though you are still under my control...you will only be able to obey me but act as though others control you...you are completely addicted to me...you are completely dependent on me...do you understand?"

I spoke, the Russian accent gone, replaced with my own voice. "I understand, Mistress."

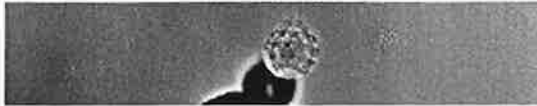
"Good...such a good girl...you are no longer Nadja...you are no longer Serena...they are gone...you are now Danielle..."

And for the next twenty minutes she began to fill in the gaps in my mind...

TO BE CONTINUED

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 0 Comments

HYPNO QUICKIE 3 – THE CRYSTAL, THE DARKNESS



My eyes open and it takes a second to register where I am – I'm at his house. It's night time, but I don't know when. I arrived around 8, but it could later.

I look around and see I'm on his couch and he's to my right.

Dan.

He has a smile on his face and I want to say something, anything, but my throat burns and I realize I still can't move my arms, or my legs...just my head – barely.

Looking down, I see that I'm naked and that there's a spot on the towel I've been placed upon that is a little bit wet – my bad.

On the coffee table in front of me sits a candle – wait, wasn't that thing taller when I came here? It's about half the size it was before.

Dan leans forward, kisses my shoulder.

"Hello, Serena," he says, his smooth voice brushing against my mind like silk against the skin.

(Actually he called me by my real name, but I'm using Serena since that's what everyone seems to know me as)

I try to respond but my mouth seems tired – my mouth actually seems too tired to do anything.

"I have something here I'd like to show you, something I think you will like."

My mind starts racing with possibilities and for some reason, I'm thinking the worst – I'm thinking he's going to do something to hurt me, something to cause me pain – I don't know why, he's never done anything to hurt me in the past.

My heart races and I still...can't...move...my...arms...

He turns back towards me and next thing I know, he's dangling a crystal on a string in front of me.

And...it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

The way the light moves through it, the flecks of color – blues and red and yellows dancing around inside of it. I've never seen anything as beautiful. An overwhelming sense of joy moves through me, I can actually feel the joy of being able to look at this item take over me.

It's so powerful.

As powerful as any feeling I've ever had.

I start to tear up, eyes getting wet and a smile creeping upon my lips.

And now I notice that the crystal is moving from side to side – and I follow it, I have to follow it.

I have no choice.

It's too beautiful to pass up.

And as it swings back and forth, Dan continue talking – but his words, they're not really getting through to me – at least they don't seem to be. Because all that matters is the crystal, swinging back and forth...back and forth...back and forth...

"And as it swings back and forth, back and forth, you realize that your eyes are getting heavier and heavier. You will also notice that your right hand is getting lighter and lighter...and it is floating up, up into the air and gliding...as you watch the crystal...watch the crystal..."

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My right hand tingles...tingles and moves, twitches and rises...

And Dan continues talking, his words ARE getting through to me, somewhere into my brain and I don't even realize it...I don't notice that they're affecting my every action my every—oh...my fingers... they're moving inside of me...my eyes are closing and my fingers are inside of me and his voice ins pervading my mind...I can't even focus anymore...

His voice continues talking, that silky, sexy voice.

I feel so good as my fingers move in and out of me.

My eyes are like slits – the lids too heavy to keep open, but I don't want to stop looking at the crystal.

The thought of not being able to see the crystal makes me sad – the joy that washed over me turns to sadness and the tears of begin to flow.

I'm crying and masturbating and staring at the crystal as it swings back and forth – twirling around and around – lights dancing in my eyes...

He is still talking to me and I can't focus on what he's saying when all of a sudden – I can feel his lips pressed up against my left ear.

It's as if his voice is inside my head – as if he knows my every thought, my every trigger, my every little twitch.

And he does.

"Brainwash." He says.

And I cum.

Harder.

Crying because I don't want to lose the crystal and I cum so hard and through my gritted teeth I'm moaning and trying not to sob because the crystal will go away soon.

Harder and harder I cum.

And then the darkness surrounds me.

In the black, I cry...the crystal is gone...

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

HYPNO QUICKIE 2 - HOW I GOT TURNED ON BY A DICK VAN DYKE SHOW AND WHAT I DID WITH IT



A couple of years after my exploits with Troi.

I was dating this guy once, we'll call him Jake. He was a nice guy, very

...yahoo.com/.../FUXQ6ZEXNIG5I...

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talented, funny and cute. I saw him playing guitar one night at this little Irish pub me and my friends would visit and I just...well...I guess the only word is 'wanted' -- I wanted him.

That night we talked, flirted, hit it off -- there was some kissing... actually there was a lot of kissing.

I'll never forget something he said to me which didn't mean anything to me until years later -- he said 'You're like a Joss Whedon chick -- you're quick with the humor and even quicker with the sass.' Now that I'm a Whedon fan, I thank him for the compliment.

Anyways...we saw each other for the next couple of weeks. He was fun to be around and a damn fine kisser and while the sex thing hadn't happened yet, we had done other things to keep each other engaged.

One night we were in his bedroom watching TV. I was flipping through the channels and there was an episode of this show called 'Diagnosis Murder' on. Being the hypno-obsessive that I am, I immediately recognized this episode as having some hypno content. I put the controller down and Jake says, "Why are we watching a Dick Van Dyke mystery show?"

"Because I like this episode."

He thought I was being silly, but I settled in and waited to watch as the woman on-screen had just finished having sex with her therapist and as she was begging him for some more, he said her hypnotic trigger, thus placing her into a trance (I should also mention she had one the sexiest, silkiest looking top)

As she went from a pleading for sex face to a slack, drowsy look, I must have done something (possibly wriggled as I felt myself flutter down there) because Jake leaned forward and looked at me, "Are you okay?"

I smiled at him, and went back to watching.

Later, she returns to the therapist's office and he gives her a drugged drink, relaxing her and then making it easier for him to place her in to a deeply hypnotic (eyes open) state. He later has her drive the two of them to his house, where he kills his wife, leaves the hypnotized woman there to awaken upon hearing the phone ring and then making it seem as though she did the murder -- no, I'm not in to the whole being framed for murder thing, but the idea of being so hypnotized that you don't know what you're doing...that's what gets me.

So they're driving over there, I'm too aroused, I sit up and flip over on top of Jake. "What's up?" he asks.

I shut the TV off and kissed him -- I was too turned on. I needed some satisfaction right there and then. But I didn't want it so quickly. I had him lie back and I got my lips real close to his "I'm going to hypnotize you." I said with a firm tone in my voice.

He chuckled. "You're not gonna make me murder someone are you?"

I slapped his face lightly, shocking him. "I'm serious. You need to be quiet and listen to me." My hand slid down his shorts and he realized that I wasn't joking around.

"Is that what turned you on? the hypnosis?" he asked. I flicked my wrist slightly allowing my fingers to move about and he moaned. I kissed him again.

"Yes. Now just close your eyes and listen to me. Listen to my voice."

He seemed skeptical, but he closed his eyes and I sat to the side of him. I trailed my fingers along his arms, along his face and the whole time, I spoke "What I need you to do, is just take a deep breath in, deep breath in and hold it and then exhale...sloowly...just doing this over and over again...concentrating on your arms and my touch..."

He sighed, a slight smirk still on his lips -- so I kissed him, my fingers lightly tracing along his forehead.

"Now, Jake...I want you to take a deep breath in, and as you do, I want you to see in the darkness of your mind, in bold, white letters, the word 'relax...take that deep breath in...hold it...see the word 'relax'...see it...see it...and exhale and feel the word spread out through your mind..."

I had him do this over and over again, dragging it out for minutes on end. I lay there, watching his face, looking for that moment -- you know

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the moment – where the face muscles begin to let go, the jaw line easing down and the lips parting slightly. Once I saw that, I knew it was fun time.

I went bore you with what are standard deepening techniques – staircase leading down to deeper trance, hypnotic passes along his arms and legs increasing heaviness, the sound of my voice, whispering up against his ear increasing arousal.

It was about 30 minutes and there he was, on his bed, arms heavy as I lifted them up and let them drop to the bed. I loosened the button and zipper on his shorts (not that I needed to do that to see if he was enjoying this if you catch my drift)

I pulled his shorts down, and then stood up. For some reason, even though there was AC, my body temperature was up and I noticed this as I stripped off my shirt and shorts. Little beads of sweat were all over my body.

I climbed on top of him and leaned forward, my palms on either side of his head, my lips close to his.

"Jake, can you hear my voice?"

His response wasn't as distant as I had hoped, but I don't think I'd ever heard him this relaxed. "Yeah. I hear your voice."

"Good. That's a good boy," and just as I was saying that, I could feel his excitement grow.

So I said it again.

"Good...boy...such a good, good boy when you listen and follow...and obey."

He was what I like to call 'emotionally erect'.

"You're going to continue doing what you have been doing, sweetie, you're going to listen and react...just like when I told you to relax and you relaxed, I'm going to tell you to feel things and you're going to do it...it's simple...not difficult at all...simple and easy to follow and listen...simple and easy to listen and react to what I tell you..."

By now the sweat on me was growing and it wasn't just my skin that was moist. I took advantage of the situation and as I began to move slowly. "How does that feel, Jake?" I asked.

He moaned. "It's great." And his arms moved.

I quickly, lightly stroked them "Heavy arms...your arms are too heavy to lift...too heavy to lift...just lie there...relaxed and open and sleepy..." I moved a little faster. His emotional erectness was stronger now and the faster I moved, the closer I could feel him to 'expressing his true feelings'.

So I slowed down, the silkiness of the movement was almost too much for me to bear.

"Jake, I'm going to count from 10 to 1 and with each number, you're going to feel your body grow heavier and more relaxed and you will feel your arousal grow more and more intense...every number...more intense, more relaxed. more intense, more relaxed...I want you to say that over and over again for me..."

His voice, though sleepy, was still clear as he began to speak "More intense, more relaxed...more intense, more relaxed..."

I waited until he found a rhythm of saying these words and as he found the rhythm, I found mine. We moved in synch, his chanting (and this is back in the day pre-Mistress Cassie) and my slow thrusts.

"10, heavier and heavier." I moved a little stronger and I could see him actually try and move his arms – no such luck.

"9, more intense pleasure." He moaned.

"8, more relaxed, more relaxed." His brow furrowed as I grew more intense in my gratification.

"7, feel me move, feel me move." He was moaning more, while saying his phrases over and over.

"6, faster and faster." I moved faster.

"5...you..." I was finding it hard to think.

"4..." he moaned louder, I gasped.

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"3, more intense as you feel me move." My voice was louder as I grew closer.

"2....1! 1! 1!" I came. He came. In synch. Hypnotic synch.

I tried to remain sitting, but it was too hard (seriously, no pun intended)

I eventually lay down and looked over at Jake, too heavy to move, too sleepy to care.

I played with his hair a little bit, happy to have had the orgasm.

I did a count-up and as he opened his eyes and looked at our nakedness and the mess we had made, he looked confused.

"What the fuck happened?" he said, slightest smile appearing.

"I hypnotized you. Then I fucked you." I said, blunt enough.

"You hypnotized me?" he asked as I got up, started putting on my clothes.

"Yup." I responded.

He lay there, exhaled strongly. "Wow. That was amazing."

I moved for his bedroom door. "Where you going?" he asked.

"I need a cigarette." I said.

"I didn't know you smoked."

I looked at him, over my shoulder and smiled. "Only some times."

If he only knew when those times where.

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 1 Comments

HYPNO QUICKIE 1: ONCE WHEN I NEEDED A HYPNO FIX or HOW I MET MISTRESS CASSIE



Last year sometime, I was feeling the pull of the trance real hard.

I needed it. Like a junkie needs the fix, I needed the trance.

I was bored with IM trances (they don't really work for me – too cold and impersonal) and I didn't have anyone locally in my life that I could go to. The mp3s I had weren't really cutting it.

So I did the next best thing – I looked for a phone sex hypno domme.

There are a bunch of them out there. First I scanned through niteflirt, a tricky site where you can end up wasting money if you're head's not on straight (believe me, I know...once I called up a 'hypno domme' who proceeded to berate me – not my thing – and then 'trance' me by simply telling me I was getting sleepy over and over again – waste of time and \$\$\$)

So I figured I would check the ratings some of these hypnotists had. There were a couple of names that popped up – Isabella Valentine, but her mp3 samples literally scare the hell out of me – her voice, her mp3 editing talents, I know that if I had the guts to

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actually listen to one of her mp3s, that's it – I would be hers for as long as she wanted...actually...no, no, not today...but eventually...

So I found one name that kept popping up – Mistress Cassie. She had high marks and the comments on her were outstanding. This might be the one!

I did a little research and found out she had a website that had several hypno domes on there – www.enchantedhypnosis.com

I scrolled through and found that there were two online and available at that moment. I had two calls with domes that day. The first one (who shall remain nameless) asked me what I wanted, and I told her that I was hoping to be brainwashed through hypnosis.

She laughed and called me an idiot and said that there was a difference and that the two don't go hand in hand.

Uh-huh. Thank you, goodbye, see ya!

The other call was a sweet girl who was surprised that I was not of the male persuasion. She listened to what it was I was interested in and she proceeded to trance me. She was very good and relaxed me greatly, then had some fun with my mind and that was that. Good call.

But the itch was still there.

A day later, I was thinking of calling again, but wasn't sure it was the right thing to do. After all, I have mp3s to listen to – it'd be good to spend a little time with the headphones strapped on, in the solitude of my home office.

As I'm walking home, I see something on the sidewalk that literally makes me stop in my tracks.

It's a page from the New York Post – it's about Kate Moss' photo shoot for Vanity Fair. It's the photo I used in part one of this series.

Kate Moss. In white gloves. Looking sexy as hell.

I look at that as fate.

So later that night, I'm up, can't sleep and my roommate is gone for the week on work. I'm alone and horny and craving trance.

I go online and I see that Mistress Cassie is available.

I call her. And she answers.

There is a confidence in her voice that immediately puts you in a submissive state of mind.

We talk for a bit and I tell her that I am fascinated with being deeply hypnotized and brainwashed once I'm under – I want to be completely subservient to her and her desires – and that if possible, I would love for her to have me in such a state where I can smoke a cigarette under trance (and she STILL didn't hang up after all of that)

Mistress Cassie is very intuitive. She knows when something is working and when something isn't. I had told her that I had a picture on my wall I taped up of a woman in long gloves, staring at me seductively (the picture I had found)

She had me stare at that and eventually, I was in the early stages of trance.

Then Cassie had me do something that I hadn't done before.

She had me chant.

At first I was suspect – chanting? Really?

But I did it, chanting over and over again 'Mistress Cassie brainwashes me, Mistress Cassie brainwashes me, Mistress Cassie brainwashes me...'

As I did that, she kept talking to me in that sweet, confident voice of hers – before I knew it, I couldn't feel my arms or legs.

They were numb.

And the picture of Kate Moss (of me, Serena, if you will was getting blurry.

She was taking me under.

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Soon, she had me in my seat writhing, excited and relaxed at the same time. She had me take a cigarette from the pack (which I had bought that day for this special occasion if it happened) and she had me light it from the candle on the desk next to me.

And as I did, she said the magic word 'Brainwashed.'

But she said it in such a way that stretched the word out and as it got to the end of it, there was a power instilled.
"Braaaaiinnwaaassshhed."

I almost came right there and then.

This went on for about 40 minutes.

And as I hung up with her, my entire body was numb, tingly.

I was sitting there in a daze for about 20 minutes, unsure of what just happened.

And thus began my relationship with Mistress Cassie.

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Just A Couple Of Things Before The Weekend



Had a bunch of wonderful conversations with people this week – the responses to this blog have been amazing. The feedback runs the gamut from simply interested to cathartic for some to...well...a little creepy. But, I can't thank all of you enough for the things you've said. Yes...even you creepy ones..

That said, there are a few of things I want to talk about – kind of responses to the most common questions or comments I've been getting lately.

One of my concerns with writing about things I've done has been my worry that people would be inspired to try something they hadn't before and that it would be a cascade of bad things.

Let me just say this and I will not worry about it anymore: When you do some of the things I've done, you can feel the thrill of sexual excitement, but it's followed by a tremendous, overflowing wave of guilt and shame. I don't want anyone to have to feel that – ever . Imagine the heart ache you feel when you break up with someone? Multiply that by a thousand. Add a hangover and possibly a smattering of depression. That's a little bit of what it feels like. A little bit.

Having said that, I'm reassured knowing that most of the people I've talked to would rather read about what it's like than feel and suffer that heart ache. As judi_s2 said to me recently, "i love your writings....wish i could do some of what you've done, but i know that some of what arouses me the most could cause the most damage...i take that responsibility"

Thank you. It's all about being adults and responsible for your own actions. I am not responsible for what you do. Somewhere in my mind I thought that by writing these I would be. I now know I'm not.

HOWEVER...

There have been two or three people out there that have tried to pry

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LAST TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE
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information from me as to my trance preparation. They want to know about the Nyquil and the wine – how and how many, what quantities and so forth. They want to know what else I do to prep.

Believe me, there's more to my prep for sessions than taking some cough medicine. More that I haven't talked about because – why give out the full recipe for potential disaster? As it stands now, I have been very, very lucky. I'm surprised that I haven't had some sort of organ failure or died from the amount of things I've done and may or may not continue to do.

So far, I have been very tight lipped and not spilled the beans about what amounts and in what order I did things. More importantly, I didn't even know I had beans to spill! :D (yes, that last sentence was a duplication of things I'd already said...but I had the bean joke sitting there...I had to use it!)

So stop asking me! You ain't gonna get it! I'll never talk!

And no...don't try and hypnotize me to tell you. I'm easy, but I'm not that easy.

Finally, the internet issue.

Yes. I don't have the internet at home. My roommate has a wireless set up but my computer is old enough to not have an airport installed (yeah, I use a Mac, what's it to you!?) And I'm happy with that.

In one of the few acts of self-control and self-preservation, when I moved in to this new apartment with my roommate, I chose not to get it installed in my room. And I'm grateful for that.

The only times I use the net are at work or if I visit the local coffee shop with computers for use. I have a roommate who is wonderfully nosey (in a good way) so she is unknowingly my protection from spending way too much time in hypno-fantasy land when I should be worrying about groceries, paying bills, and finishing up my movie script.

That's about all I can think of.

Yes, I know, it's not another hypnosis filled adventure in my life – more of that next week.

I have to tell you about the time Dan came to NYC and I took the day off from work to visit him in his hotel for a 9 hour brainwashing session.

I have to tell you about Danielle's first assignment for Mistress Cassie.

I have to tell you about the time I turned the tables and hypnotized Troi.

I have to tell you about Erik, the last man in my life who was open-minded to my hypnosis fetish and encouraged it and may be the lost love of my life.

So much to tell.

But only from Monday to Friday.

Much love

Serena

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

Haunted

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When I started this blog, someone was kind enough to send me an mp3 of a song by 'Poe'. He said the song reminded him of me and my life.

I've listened to this song somewhere in the area of 265 times.

If you have it, listen to it.

If you don't have it, and can relate to my blogs -- find it and listen.

It's a tremendous song.

Here are the lyrics to 'Haunted'

HAUNTED - Poe Come here...pretty please

Can you tell me where I am?

You...won't you say something

I need to get my bearings

I'm lost

And the shadows keep on changing And I'm haunted

By the lives that I have loved

And actions I have hated

I'm haunted

By the lives that wove the web

Inside my haunted head Don't cry, there's always a way

Here in November in this house of leaves

We'll pray

Please, I know it's hard to believe

To see a perfect forest

Through so many splintered trees

You and me

And these shadows keep on changing And I'm haunted

By the lives that I have loved

And actions I have hated

I'm haunted

By the promises I've made

And others I have broken

I'm haunted

By the lives that wove the web

Inside my haunted head Hallways... always I'll always want you

I'll always need you

I'll always love you And I will always miss you Come here

No I won't say please

One more look at the ghost

Before I'm gonna make it leave

Come here

I've got the pieces here

Time to gather up the splinters

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Build a casket for my tears I'm haunted
(By the lives that I have loved)
I'm haunted
(By the promises I've made)
I'm haunted
By the hallways in this tiny room
The echoes there of me and you
The voices that are carrying this tune

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 5 Comments

THE ONE HYPNOTIST'S RECORDINGS I'M AFRAID TO LISTEN TO



A couple of years back, a new face and name of the hypnosis world appeared online. She only had a few recordings and some interesting images so I looked around – liked what I saw and that seemed to be it. But...you know me...I'm a curious kind of cat, so every so often I'd come back and see that the site was evolving – becoming something bigger and better than a lot of other sites around there.

This hypnotist had samples of her recordings. Curious kitty points and clicks very well. Upon hearing that first sample, I practically felt my legs get instantly heavy, my face go numb and relax and I felt myself become instantly aroused – ALL FROM A 2 MINUTE SAMPLE!!!

The sample ended and I sat there in silence...I couldn't believe what had just happened to me. It wasn't a full induction, it wasn't even part of an induction at all (at least I don't think it was).

It was a fluke, it had to be.

I listened to a different sample, a clip about a hypnotic fantasy – it seemed like it wasn't even a trance but just a story being told. The clip came on...and I just about came right there and then. This woman's voice was incredible.

It had a confident seductiveness to it. It was soothing, yet firm. It was like being enveloped in a velvet glove, soft, black and all encompassing (and you know how I like my gloves!)

The clip ended and there was buzzing in my ears, or my brain – it was really hard to tell.

Being the hypno-junkie that I am, I listened to a few more sample clips. It got worse with each one. And by worse, I mean it got better...much better.

The wetness I was feeling was becoming...well...more wet. The tingling in my body that accompanies the beginnings of trance was spreading. My head was spinning. I had to find out more. I had to hear more. What if I just went and bought one file, just one...what was the worst that could happen?

I saw she had a sample clip, an interview she had done with a subject who still had post hypnotic triggers installed in her from the session. My shaking fingers edged the mouse over and clicked. I

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listened.

And by the end of the clip I left my computer desk shaking with ecstasy. It is, without a doubt, one of the most intensely erotic hypnosis clips I've ever heard. If I had purchased a file by this hypnotist, knowing how I am, I would never leave the house.

Her voice has that powerful an effect on me.

A few months back, I was IM-ing with someone about her and they sent me an mp3 of hers. I don't condone this at all, this woman works hard to produce these things but I have to admit, my curiosity was very, very strong. I listened to the first five minutes of it before I shut it off.

It's not that the recording was bad – it was good, great actually. It was too great. It would be like if you were a drug addict and your drug of choice was something called Hypnoine. Like heroine, but without all of the "Trainspotting" side effects that go with it (diving in to toilets, stealing, diseases, etc.).

And one day, someone offers you a new kind of Hypnoine. This one is gonna make that other stuff look like children's chewable vitamins after you try it.

Well, those five minutes were my first taste.

I couldn't do it. I'm too afraid of what will happen to me if I listen. Her voice, her style, her cadence, and more importantly, her presence has too much of an effect on me. If I listened to one of her recordings, it'd soften my mind up to the point that she could probably send me an instant message with instructions – You will go online and purchase a plane ticket, you will come to my house where you will spend a week under intense hypnosis...you will do this without question.

You know what I'm doing? I'm going on Jet Blue, prices be damned, cause I'd have to obey her, no question about it.

I'm intrigued by her. But I'm afraid of her.

And that is exciting.

And that's why, for Hypnotist Whose Recordings I'm Most Afraid To Listen To, the award goes to:

ISABELLA VALENTINE.

You sweet voiced, incredibly sexy, powerfully talented hypnotist you.

You could be the Lily to my Jennifer Hart...but I'm too much of a coward. 

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 10 Comments

Talk A Walk On The Darker Side - Mr. Daniel and Me



Exhausted, tired – my body felt as though it had put through the ringer. I felt as if I had run a marathon for nine hours straight. I sat there in my black panties, my black gloves. My chest, breasts and neck were soaked in sweat.

The room itself is humid. The A/C has been shut off for however long, and the little fan in the corner of the room is barely making its way to me. I could no longer tell where the sweat ended and my sexual excitement began.

I was slightly hunched forward, too tired to sit back and be comfortable.

My eyes had been glued to my computer screen for an eternity and at this point, I didn't care.

The images spinning in front of me had me enraptured. The sounds coming through the headphones had penetrated my brain in an almost painfully sexual buzz – a way I had not experienced before (and I've experience a lot)

Eventually, the clip in front of me finished and I sat there, on the verge of orgasm.

I lifted a heavy, heavy, gloved arm to the wine glass on my desk, picked it up and slugged the rest of the red wine back.

I tried to think how I got to this point – where it had all started. But in that process of thinking, my head hurt – trying to go backwards in my mind was painful. Like a migraine or a shovel hit to the head.

So I grabbed the mouse, pointed and clicked and began another study and suddenly, the headache went away and I was swept up in a spiral and a picture of a red owl...and I was happy...

Around the time I started up on Yaho0 360, I was enjoying it – it was like the first time I discovered I wasn't the only 'freak' in the world who was turned on by hypnosis. There were so many others other there, and on this 360 stuff, I was connecting with more and more and feeling somewhat better about myself.

I had met a couple of people and we got chummy really quickly. I had even done some IM trancing with one of them (I tranced her) and it seemed to work. She and I seemed to be getting close and even though there were moments were she would snap at me for no reason whatsoever, I kept communication up with her, trancing her and somewhat getting off on it.

As I trolled around I began to see these little discussions, these little arguments and these little moments of 'drama' about one individual called Mr. Daniel.

I was intrigued.

Who was this person that was causing such a ruckus?

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I went to his page and looked around. The first thing that turned me off was the bimbo aspect – I'm not into being brainless. The second thing was this poledancing bullshit – I don't like to dance... okay this isn't true, I like to dance – but with people, not poles.

But, the one thing that did peak my curiosity was use of the word 'brainwash'. I'm such an easy target.

I saw he had these 'studies' on his site that I could watch. Now, I don't have internet at home so I had to find a way to get these studies to my house.

I would run the study, not watch it, then go in to my internet cache and from there, put it on a memory stick. There were several studies but I only snatched about four.

I got home, knew I was going to be alone that evening and I had a glass of wine, sat down and turned on the first study.

I can't tell you what it was that I saw but I can tell you that by the time it was over, my head was out of focus, the world around me was slightly blurred. And most importantly, I wanted, no – I needed – to cum.

I figured I could watch one more, but I went and changed into my favorite pair of black satin panties, and long black satin gloves (which has a slightly relaxing, submissive effect on me when I wear them together) I slipped the headphone on, took another swig of wine and started watching the second study.

I must have sat there for one hour, watching it over and over again.

That night as I tried to sleep, I could hear snippets of the studies permeating around in my brain. I could see flashes of that red owl and the spiral spinning around.

Was I being brainwashed?

Did I really get sucked in?

Was I going to be a brainless poledancing bimbo soon?

The next day at work, all I could think about was going home and watching the rest of the studies. I downloaded the rest of them...

Work....crawled...on...for...ever...

I got home, my roommate was out of town, I grabbed the wine bottle, put on the panties and gloves and started watching them. This started at about seven thirty at night. By the time I'd finished watching them – ALL of them – it was almost five in the morning. I was exhausted, tired, horny, and wanting more.

I called in sick to work.

I stayed at home, watching, cumming over and over again.

I know what you're thinking – how lame of you! You called in to work with a fake sick day so you could watch hypnosis stuff? But, if you know anything about me, you'll know that I am addicted to the sexual pleasure hypnosis gives me.

Around noon, I began to feel the guilt an addict feels when they've put real life on hold so they can get a fix.

I shut off my computer, took a shower, slept for about three hours and then spent the rest of the night not being brainwashed.

The next day at work, I began to do a little more research into who this guy was. I could see a lot of women on his site, all being very respectful to him, like drones. Upon further investigation, I could see that there was an entire faction of 360 users who were waging a war against Mr. Daniel and his studies.

I'm not going to put myself on this now-dead battlefield but it seemed to me that people were pissed because he had created something people were enjoying – and hey, we're all adults here, and I've certainly done stupid things that I've had to pay the price for – so I couldn't quite understand what it was about.

The word 'drama' was thrown around a lot.

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I don't know what made me do this, I sent a private message off to Mr. Daniel. I did not expect a reply, but he did and the next thing I knew, we were having a dialogue. He seemed confounded by the 'drama' and said he was just making studies for women to enjoy. I told him I did enjoy them but that I had a long history with hypnosis so I was going very deep.

The rest of what happened is a blur, but I can break it down to you in points:

- More studies were watched and this time I could literally not remember what I had just watched. The curiosity would take a hold of me to the point I would watch again...yet upon finishing, I could not remember what I had watched...and so on...
- I found myself responding to suggestions he would make to me via emails. I would type something on my site or on his without question. Like I was on automatic.
- I had contacted my 'friend' who I had tranced and told her about my time with Mr. Daniel. I am now convinced that this person may be bi-polar. She attacked me, saying his studies were bogus and didn't really effect anyone (then why the hell was I forgetting what I was watching and why was I doing things he suggested without question?) She then went on a tirade about 'sissies' – real hateful things. I'm an actress, I've been in theater, I've been around gays and sissies and all walks of life – I hate no one but ignorant people. My 'friend' (who was also a lesbian by the way) is one of those ignorant people.
- I found myself chatting with people I had been for a long time, talking about how wonderful Mr. Daniel was, how he really cared about me, how his studies made me feel amazing, how fantastic he was to allow me to be so deeply brainwashed, etc.

As one friend said to me – Sounds like you've joined a cult.

It took the death of a family member to snap me to. I had to leave town for a week and missed a series of important studies. I have no doubt now that had I watched those studies, you wouldn't have had the blog entries I'd written about.

I'd be too busy in the red owl's world to take notice of any of you or myself.

There are times when I think about how sexual his studies made me feel. It made me feel like I did during those sessions with Troi so many years ago – but different.

I know it's not the 'right thing to say', and I know I'll probably get enough flack for having gotten myself involved with him in the first place – but there are times when I miss the comfortable, relaxing way Mr. Daniel made me feel through his teachings.

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 9 Comments

Just some thoughts...

I woke up the other morning – the sun was bright, the weather was nice, it was gorgeous – and I was so depressed. It was weird.

I was thinking about this blog. About the things I've been writing about.

You see, the things I'm sharing here, I haven't shared with a lot of people. Certainly not family or friends. And those that know about my hypno-life have come and gone like a part-time lover (sorry if you have THAT song stuck in your head now – and if you've no clue what song I'm talking about...go ask your parents to show you 'The Woman In Red'...and if you have to do that, aren't you a little young to be reading this kind of blog?)

So what was depressing me? Good question.

I'm not too sure.

There's something freeing about writing openly about things I've

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kept close to the heart for so long.

But I almost feel like I'm letting it go. Giving it away.

And it makes me realize that at some point I'm going to have to say goodbye to that kind of behavior and embrace what the next phase of my life is.

And that's sad.

And I can see the blog comments (if I get any – never enough for my artistic ego – yes, I too can be a little vain) "Hey blankserena, why can't you just find the balance and have a normal life and a hypno life?"

To which I respond – Have you not read any of my blogs? Do you not see the extremes that I go to so I can feel hypnotic bliss? Have you not heard me admit my sex addicted nature? Have you...eh, you get the point.

I think another thing that I'm depressed (or more worried about) is this⁴ – am I giving other people ideas that will take them down a road they shouldn't go down? (and as I typed that last line, I hear Sarah Jessica Parker's voice typing it – a la Sex & The City)

I know that when I attended some sex addicts anonymous meetings, I would hear people talk about things they did to get their fix. And I would find myself thinking about what they did and how it could be appealing, even though I'd never wanted to go to some of these places before. Thankfully I didn't do it and I guess in saying that just now, I'm not giving the reader the benefit of the doubt.

If I am enabling people to do things that could potentially endanger their relationships, should I even continue to post?

Does that make me an accessory (and not a good one...like gloves)

You make your own decisions. You live with the consequences of your actions. You're an adult...unless you're that kid who doesn't know what 'Part Time Lover' or 'The Woman In Red' is, to which I say "STOP READING!"

:)

Sometimes this thing is a double edged sword.

Just some things on my mind.

said 15 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

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A Few Thoughts/Comments From Me



My post yesterday – a few things I should have clarified

1. Dan and I had various phone sessions, weeks leading up to this encounter in the hotel room. It wasn't like he pulled some random word out of his ass (which would have been a whole new low in hypnotic sexual play – pulling something out of your ass...gross) and I reacted, he had placed that trigger in there.
2. I still talk to Dan from time to time, but haven't done any hypno with him. It's only recently that I've started to feel taken advantage of.
3. Do I blame him? Yes and no. I'm the one who continued the relationship and I'm the one who had begged him countless times to brainwash me. But, was I begging with a clear mind? Was I begging under the influence of hypnosis and his influence? It's a vicious circle to think about and try and figure out. I've given up trying to do so and have decided to just let it be what it is.

Go Ahead, Wash My Brain

1. I've had numerous requests to listen to files or watch flash programs. Some people have sent me things and when I get some free time in two weeks, I will sit down and listen to all of them.
2. If you have a file you want me to try – something you think will totally consume me and overwhelm me, go ahead...wash my brain. Send it to me at blankserena@yahoo.com.
3. Now...having said that, I can't guarantee I will get to it but I will most certainly try to.

Finally

1. How the hell does a hypno-fetish addict have insomnia? Last night I lay awake from 2:30 to around 5 this morning. Couldn't sleep. Wide awake. I ended up watching TV and...that did nothing for me. Never a good hypnotist around when you need

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one. :D

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

2006 - NYC



(This is going to be the most sexually explicit post I'll ever post – and it will be slightly jarring after last week's post about the beginning of my downfall. This takes place a little bit before that happened. If you offend easily, then don't read.)

NYC - 2006

I had known Dan was going to be in NYC for some time and wrestled with the idea of seeing him. It was going to have to be a Monday and possibly a Tuesday as well. In the day.

Which meant I'd have to get off work.

I hated using sick days.

But I also hated regrets – and I knew that I would regret not seeing Dan and feeling his hypnotic effect on me.

I showed up at his hotel room around 9 in the morning. I had to give them my name at the front desk and they let me up. The hotel is in the center of Times Square and his room had the most amazing view – not that I was going to see any of it.

I got off the elevator, walked down the hall and knocked on his door.

As it opened and I saw him, I instantly felt my body tingle at the site of him – he just had that look in his eyes that this was going to be a good session.

I had a backpack with me and in it was something he had incorporated into our sessions – a leftover from the Troi days.

My Brainwashing Suit.

Let me back up...

Since Troi had a thing for me being a spy/catburglar, she had conditioned me to respond to this black, lycra catsuit that covered me from neck to toe. She had me wear gloves (big shock, I know) and would have me under hypnosis for many hours in that suit.

In fact, just putting the suit on, feeling the lycra slide up against my legs, I could feel an almost instant reaction – I could feel myself relaxing, my mind kind of slowing down.

During one session with Troi, she would induce me, have me put on the catsuit sloooowly, take me deeper, then have me take it off, wake me up as I did....then do it all over again – this went on for hours. I no longer have the suit but if I have to wear pantyhose and

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slip them on, I can still feel that post-hypnotic tingle.

Back to Dan...

He opened the door and I walked to him. He embraced me and I could feel so comfortable in those arms, so warm and inviting.

I walked into the hotel room (he was sharing it with his brother-in-law), who would be gone until 6 that night). I went to the window and overlooked Times Square – the hustle and bustle of the heart of New York City, quieted down by panes of glass.

I turned around and Dan took the backpack from me. He opened it up and looked inside – the brainwashing suit, a bottle of red wine, my iPod with the brainwashing CD on a playlist, and last but not least – a certain sleep aid. He smiled and had me sit down on a couch.

He didn't want to waste time.

He poured me a glass of red wine and handed me a sleep aid. I took them gracefully, exhaling for a long time as I sank back in to the couch. He moved to my side and in no time, the crystal was dangling in front of my eyes.

It had been awhile since I'd seen that particular crystal, but I recognized it instantly. As I sat there and watched it twirl around and around, I could feel the wine and sleep aid kicking in, my legs got heavy and still.

His voice, so soothing, like a velvet blanket wrapping around my mind, was certainly taking me under. My legs got heavier, my arms felt as though they'd been filled with concrete – to move them would have taken so much effort.

Eventually, the room around me got darker, blurrier, and all that was left was the crystal – shining, brilliant, beautiful.

And soon, that went away as my eyes closed and I found myself floating in the dark, embryonic state – careless, directionless, free...only Dan's voice to guide me in this eternal black state...

I felt his hands on me, pressing down on parts of my body, getting them to relax more and more...his touch was magnificent, so warm. In a few minutes, he must have turned the room's temperature up because it was getting hotter...hotter and hotter...my body began to perspire and my breathing got heavier...I couldn't stand it any more...it was too much...

I was begging him to allow me to move so I could take my clothes off. It was too hot and I felt like I was burning up. It had to stop and the only way was to remove my clothes.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he agreed and with my eyes closed, I pulled off my t-shirt, then my sweat pants. I reached for my satin panties but a warm touch to the center of my forehead pushed me back onto the couch and his magnetic voice whispered electricity into my ear as he said 'Sleep.'

I sank down.

His hands moved across my naked chest, smoothing around my breasts, lightly brushing against my nipples. It sent a charge through me. Something I'd not felt in awhile.

As the touching eventually faded away, his velvet voice broke in through the darkness again. "It's time to put on your brainwashing suit."

He told me later that as I sat there, my head leaned back against the top of the couch, my reaction to his statement was a wide smile and a tear down my right cheek – the joy of wearing that suit again in his presence was overwhelming.

I stood, removed my panties. My eyes opened, my lids feeling so fucking heavy that as soon as I could see, I just wanted to go to sleep. But I reached down, picked up the catsuit off the floor and slowly slid it over my body. As the fabric touched my crotch, a small, sexual explosion happened. As soon as it was on, Dan

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handed me a pair of black satin gloves to slip over my hands, which I did.

Once I was done, my arms fell to my sides and he turned me towards him. Like a predator attacking its prey, he grabbed my arms, pulled me to him and said loudly, firmly, 'SLEEP!' I was enveloped in his arms, in to his being. My body became limp as I dangled there in his arms, so safe and so secure.

He lay me down on the couch, positioning my legs and arms so that they rested comfortably, not crossed or up against my body.

He spoke to me for some time, telling me what was happening to my mind – how passive it was becoming, how submissive it was becoming, how clear and open it was becoming.

What he was working to do was to bring the Serena persona out. He met her when he and I had our first sessions in L.A. so many years ago. He always liked how Serena was around him. And he wanted her.

Slowly, methodically, with expert hypnotic skill he brought her to the surface.

I opened my eyes. I was now sitting in a chair across the room from him. He was shirtless, only in his pants.

I immediately crossed my legs and smiled. "Hello, Dan." I said – Serena's English accent coming out loud and strong.

"Hi Serena. Good to see you again."

"And you. How have you been?" Serena asked, scanning the room, deciphering where she was.

"I've been good. Can I get you anything?"

I looked out the window, the flashing lights of Times Square. "I'd love a cigarette." I said.

"Mmm, sorry...no smoking in this room. How about a drink?" He stood and walked to a table and poured me a glass of wine. Dan always disapproved of the fact that Serena was a smoker and had tried (unsuccessfully) to deprogram me of that – but Troi's hold on that part of my brain was too strong, too locked in.

I took it and drank it down in one gulp (Serena was always a good drinker) It had a bit of a tartness to it that threw me off. He sensed that, I could see it in his face. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"This wine is bloody awful. Tastes odd." I set the cup down as Dan sat back down on the couch, a sense of assurance about him.

"that's because I slipped you a powerful hypnotic drug."

I looked at him with shock. "You did what?"

"A hypnotic drug. In a moment you'll feel your body getting tingly, that's just the drug working its way through your bloodstream. You see, Serena, you don't remember, but years ago, I spent days brainwashing you...you have so many triggers installed in you that you aren't even aware of."

My arms began to get numb. I looked at my gloved hands, wanting to lift them. It was impossible.

Dan droned on. "And you have been carrying these post hypnotics around for years, just lying there dormant, waiting to be triggered. And in a minute, when the drug has taken full effect and lowered all of your resistance, I'm going to be calling up some of that brainwashing and you will react."

The room spun around and I looked at him for focus. He was holding the crystal again. And it was all I wanted to see,

"Are you watching the crystal, Serena?" he asked.

"Yes...I am..." was my feeble response.

"Good. Good girl. So good and obedient...as you listen and watch...and relax...deeper and deeper...waiting for the drug to finish you off, to complete undo your resistance...and going deeper

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and deeper...focus on the crystal...watch it spin around and take away your mind..."

He went on and on with his induction. Soon, I sat there; slack jawed, slightly drooling (as it was told to me later).

"Serena, can you hear me?"

"Yes I hear you..." my gaze was distant.

"Serena...it is time for you to seduce."

My eyes shut and a flood of energy came to me. I stood up, and walked across the room to him, my hips swinging seductively from side to side. Dan told me the look in my eye scared him – a sexy confidence he hadn't seen in me before.

I straddled him, running my gloved hands up and down his chest, and then through his hair. He reacted to it and I got close to him, my lips close to his lips. "I want to seduce you, Dan. I want you to give in to me. I want you to be helpless for me, like I'm helpless for you. And I'm willing to do anything I have to. Anything to get you to that point."

My hands moved to the back of his neck, working the finger up into his scalp. "Would you like that?" my tone was almost girlish.

He nodded. "I'd like that very much, Serena. I'd like for you to have the illusion that you're in control."

"Illusion? I don't think so."

"Oh really?" he said, all the while I was kissing his neck up and down. Writhing my silken crotch against his. I moved my lips up to his ear, bit his lobe. "I'm in control." I said.

He moaned and chuckled. "If that's what you think."

I sat upright, appalled at his behavior. "Don't you talk to me like that! Don't you dare!"

He leaned back, smug. "Cocksuck."

A switch went off inside and I stopped, went blank and then got to the floor, on my knees.

Dan and I had never had intercourse. No matter how deep the hypnosis got, there were boundaries he didn't want to cross. There was masturbation, but never penetration.

Also, there was never oral sex.

But now I was on my knees, unzipping his pants. I do remember vividly, screaming in my mind "STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? YOU DON'T KNOW IF HE'S CLEAN! STOP!" And I think Dan could see that resistance.

He leaned forward, put his hand on my chin and tilted my gaze up to him.

"Serena? Cocksuck."

I nodded and continued.

Later, he woke me up.

All in all, he had kept me under for almost eight hours. He had used my sleep aid as well as something else he had brought with him. I had performed oral sex on him and he had used a vibrator on me. Events that took place that day don't add up in my mind and I've had to rely on what he's told me about that day.

As I left his hotel, I could still feel Serena lingering around. I went to the closest newsstand and bought a pack of Marlboro Ultra Lights. I lit one up as I wandered around Times Square, lost in my thoughts. I was so aroused, so turned on by the control Dan had displayed over me.

And the fact that he had crossed a line didn't bother me.

Until recently.

After writing last week's entry, I now see that this event was the

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beginning of my downward spiral. I didn't want to acknowledge it at the time, but that's what it was.

Months later, when I woke up that cruel harsh morning I spoke about; I threw away my Brainwashing Suit along with all of the other stuff.

There's still one more out there. Dan has it. I left it with him when I moved from L.A. And a part of me always wants to go back to it, slowly slip it over my naked skin and feel myself surrender to the warm depths of hypnosis that Dan provides.

That's the conflict inside of me.

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

Serena - Addict Part 1



(I debated a lot about whether or not I should post this story. Then someone pointed something out to me that was ridiculously obvious – these aren't fictional accounts, these are accounts of my life, both good and bad. Well, this is the first part of a lot of the bad I went through)

It was a Tuesday morning. Around three a.m.

I rolled over in my bed and instantly my head felt like it was filled with cotton – if cotton was made of rocks and pieces of broken glass. As I sat up (after a few attempts) the room seemed to slide over to one side and I tipped over onto my right elbow, propping myself – weakly.

For the last three and a half days, I had been drinking, medicating myself, smoking, spending money and been trying to go in and out of hypnosis.

I felt like shit.

My head felt swollen. My lungs hurt. My whole body ached. And it all came in and out as waves of medicated numbness played havoc with my sensations.

I exhaled, the taste of wine and smoke hung around my throat and mouth like a horrible filmy after taste. I looked over to the nightstand for a glass of water – it was empty.

I grabbed the glass, stood up and fell to my knees.

Oh God, was my first thought, I've gone too far. I've killed myself.

But I hadn't.

I got up on my feet and with one hand against the wall, slowly made my way to the kitchen. I went to the fridge and the cold blast of air shocked me – my body was hot and clammy, little beads of

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sweat all over it. I even caught a whiff of my scent against the freshness of the cold air. No question about it – I stunk.

Three and a half days of drinking and smoking and cough medicine was finding its way out of my pores – forming an unruly smell that made me want to throw up. The glass dropped to the floor and shattered. I stared at it for minutes, trying to form the thought "Don't. Step. On. The. Glass."

I managed to stumble away unscathed, but still without water.

I got to my couch and lay down. The room spun around and my head was covered in a stinging, cold sweat that made it worse. I wanted it all to stop.

As I lay there on the couch, feeling the urge to vomit grow stronger and stronger, I sobbed. The last few years I hadn't been that big of a crier, but this was as if it had all been building up and waiting for this moment. I screamed in to the cushion on the couch, wanting so many things. I wanted to be able to rewind time and go back to four days again and not be so stupid. I wanted to have the self-respect to be able to say 'no' to my urges when they got strong. I wanted to feel like a normal person and not some degenerate who kept this 'horrible' secret from others. I wanted to be clean.

I feel asleep and it was spastic – constantly jumping up as if I was having a nightmare – or maybe afraid that I would be waking back up INTO the nightmare, not away from it.

This went on for hours.

Eventually, I saw the sun coming through the windows in the bedroom, some of it out here in the living room.

I looked over at the VCR clock – it was only 7 in the morning. I'd hoped it would be later in the day.

I sat up, stayed there for ten minutes. Then I stood and started walking to the bedroom. To get to it, I had to walk through the center room of this boxcar apartment – my home office.

The scene of the crime.

On the desk, the computer sat idly, the page for Keen.com still up. Cigarette butts littered a coffee cup (my ashtray for this event). A bottle of wine was almost empty. The telephone with its headset, was dormant – the first time it had been quiet in hours. The IKEA chair that was my womb, my cradle for these last three days was sweat stained and beckoning me.

I started to walk past it all and as I got to the bedroom door, I heard a voice – as clear as fucking day I heard a voice in my head. I don't know whose it was, if it was man or woman's, someone I knew, or myself – I don't know. But I heard it. And it was telling me "Make another call. Trance feels so good and that's what you need right now."

I stood in that doorway fighting, fighting and fighting some more and eventually...like a pathetic pile of weak flesh, I turned and went to the chair.

I sat down in the chair, my limbs conditioned to instantly relax upon sitting. I slipped the headphone over my ear, adjusted the microphone and then clicked on the mouse. I scrolled through the available phone sex operators who did hypnosis. It was slim pickings on a Tuesday morning. I found a few people but their rates were high. And at this point, the dollar amount I'd spent in the last few days escaped me.

I kept looking and looking. I found no one I wanted to talk to.

I went to hypnosis recordings. There was one by Princess Porsche I'd listened to before. It was more geared for the male listener, but she did talk about brainwashing in it and that was what I knew would push me over the edge.

I clicked on it and plunked down more money for an orgasm.

I don't mean to be graphic, but I have to be honest – I was sore.

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Everything about my vagina was sore. The lips, the inside...it was all sore from the chronic masturbation. But I carried on, all because I wanted to cum.

Pathetic.

Eventually, Princess Porsche got to the part about brainwashing and that pushed me over the edge. As I came, I began to sob again. I clicked the phone off, ripped off the headphones and threw them both across the room.

I slammed my fist into the armrest of the chair angry, edging into furious.

I wanted to pick up the computer and smash it in to the wall – it seemed to be laughing at me.

I ripped off what I was wearing and threw them across the room – stumbled my way to the bathroom and got in the shower. As I stood there under the water, I lost track of what were my tears and was just simply water going down the drain...

I grabbed the soap and a wash cloth and began to scrub my body. And scrubbed and scrubbed...parts of my body were red from me trying to scrub the sin off of me. I gave up. It wasn't going to go away this easy.

I curled up in a ball and fell asleep under the water, crying.

Seven o'clock that night.

I sat in silence in the living room. I was cleaned up. The home office was shut down. The computer was off. Every item, anything that was an accessory to the crime for the last few days was in a white trash bag waiting to be thrown out. I put it all in there – the cigarettes, the cough medicine, the wine bottles, the clothes, everything.

I'd thrown up a few times during the day and was, for the first time, feeling somewhat normal.

As I sat, staring at the TV which was turned off, I was confounded. How did I let it get to be so bad?

I had gone online hours earlier, not to get a hypno fix, but to see how much money I had spent, starting Friday night. A total of \$581 was spent on phone sex.

Let me say it again: Five Hundred and Eighty One dollars. Spent. Gone.

All so I could have a fucking orgasm.

I wanted to hit myself in the head over and over again. Punish myself.

All I had to do was put in a video tape or go to a website with pictures or do something else. Something FREE! But I didn't. I wanted to have human interaction. Even though it's 100% false, it was a human.

I wanted to feel like I had so many years ago with Troi. With those few I had managed to have a hypnosis relationship with.

You stupid fucking bitch. I said it to myself over and over again. I said it to the point that I believed it and then cried.

That night I slept hard. The next day I had to go to work.

At work the next day I said that I had a stomach flu. I was great at making up stories about why I was out from work – sometimes I'd be up late at night looking for some mysterious hidden hypno site that didn't actually exist but I knew HAD to be out there. Or I'd work myself up into a frenzy watching hypno clips over and over again until I would just explode.

The acts were always the same, the degrees that I would go to changed.

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I sat there at work, in a daze, wondering what I had done.

I was now almost \$600 poorer. I was most likely going to bounce my rent check. The jacket I'd been saving up for was out the window. There was no way I could ask for an advance from work.

I was fucked.

And I had done it to myself.

That work day is very dreamlike, because I did things on automatic and every so often I'd go to the bathroom and cry. I felt weak. And embarrassed.

I felt like a junkie (or at least the kinds of junkies I saw in the movies) who, despite the best efforts and the opportunities laid out before them, didn't want to be clean. They wanted that high. They WANTED to be addicted.

Addicted.

That word came down on me like a ton of fucking bricks.

Addicted.

I was an addict. It was to hypnosis. It was to how hypnosis made me feel sexually. Long ago, my brain chose to hardwire itself and associate sexual feelings with hypnosis.

I went back to my desk and typed on Yahoo 'Sex Addicts'.

A site came up for Sex Addicts Anonymous and I clicked on it.

It was a basic site, nothing fancy – but then again who wants fancy when you're in pain?

They had a quiz to determine whether or not you were an addict.

I took the quiz. And I passed. Yay me.

As I got each answer 'correct' I knew that there had to be a solution, something to do.

I clicked on Sex Addicts Anonymous meeting schedule. There was a meeting on Saturday.

And it was close to my work.

I knew that if I wanted to 'get better', if I wanted to not end up broke and dead, I was going to have get help. And if that meant going to one of these meetings, then that was it.

I also knew that the rest of the week was going to be hell.

I hadn't thrown out that garbage bag – and in the past, I had gone through trash to retrieve things – clothes that I had worn during hypno sessions, now covered in cigarette ashes and alcohol – or even packs of cigarettes because there were some left – or other things I'd thrown out in a wave of shame and desperation to try and get these things far away from myself.

One time, my landlady saw me poking through the trash like a degenerate.

She asked if everything was ok.

I told her that I thought I might have thrown out a locket my father gave me when I was twelve. She looked concerned and offered to help me look.

As I gripped the black, silky catsuit (smelling like cigarette butts and garbage) out of her view, I told her that it was okay. I would find the locket.

I didn't think I could be more pathetic than that.

I was wrong.

So now I had hit bottom and was going to go to a meeting that I hoped, I prayed, would help me get a clear state of mind.

To be continued...

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

Watching 'Breakfast At Tiffany's' With Troi



I had never seen 'Breakfast At Tiffany's' As much I loved Audrey Hepburn, it was the one film that had always escaped me. So it was decided that Friday night I would go over to Troi's house and we would watch it. The thought of seeing Troi always excited me because she was such a mystery – I never knew what was going to happen. It was about three months in to our 'relationship' (it was purely physical – and mental – and we both knew that on some level) so most of our time together was spent with either me in trance and her having fun with that or a lot of physical stuff (cuddling, kissing...kissing...more kissing)

So there we were – Troi's room. Friday night. Beers in hand. Audrey Hepburn on the Tv and Audrey Hepburn in the room (Troi and Audrey shared several similarities in looks – and a love of certain accessories...gloves) I can't say I quite enjoyed the movie, because my mind was always thinking about one of three things:

1. Is Troi going to surprise me and hypnotize me?
2. I'm getting really turned on by the gloves and smoking in this movie – is that me or something Troi did to me?
3. I wish, for once, I could hypnotize Troi.

Around the last third of the movie, this last thought really took hold of me and it was all I could focus on.

I sat up behind her and repositioned her so she was leaning up against me, my legs around her torso. She was caught up in the movie and didn't really seem to pay any mind to the fact that I had started playing with her hair, running my fingers along her scalp and forehead.

In her right hand – the beer bottle she had been holding shifted slightly, her grip not as firm as it had been. She was relaxing.

On the screen, the movie was ending, Audrey was crying or something – I don't really remember, all of my focus and attention was on Troi. I moved my hands up and down her arms, lightly brushing them with my palms, smoothing over the skin, and every so often, massaging the shoulder muscles.

The end credits were rolling up and Troi sighed, an audible "mmmm" heard somewhere in there. "So? How'd you like it?" she asked me, her voice slightly raspy.

"It was really good." I lied. I hadn't been watching or focusing on the movie at all.

I leaned over and hit the remote and turned the TV off.

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close, hugging her tightly and then I let go and exhaled – she did the same.

"How you feeling?" I asked.

She had her eyes closed and a smile on her lips. "I feel good. Relaxed." (I should point out that as she said that word, a certain part of my body tingled and I almost abandoned ship and was about to beg her to take me under)

I went back to stroking her hair and moving my fingers along her forehead. And her head sank back into my lap, her eyes closed and heavy. I studied the freckles on her forehead, the darkness of her eyebrows, the shade of color on her eyelids. As I found myself focusing on her lips, I barely noticed that her eyes had opened. I looked down at her. "Are you trying to hypnotize me?"

I must've turned red ten times over.

"You know I'm the hypnotist in this room." She said, her voice tired.

"I know." I responded, all the while, rubbing her temples.

"So why are you trying to hypnotize me, dearest?"

I chuckled. "Because I want to. I want to see you sink down into relaxation. I want to see what you look like hypnotized for once."

She started to shift a bit, her hands going to the mattress and trying to prop herself up. "No, no, no...I don't wanna." She said.

But I wrapped my arms around her, pulled her to me again. "It'll be fine," I assured her "you'll feel wonderful...you'll like it...you'll love that feeling of letting go...you're in control in so many areas of your life, Troi...your schooling...your job...me...wouldn't it be nice to just let go for once? To just do...nothing...and listen...listen to me...you like my voice, don't you?"

She nodded, her gaze looking up at the ceiling.

"And this feels nice, what I'm doing. Doesn't it?"

She nodded again, blinked once.

"And the more you feel my fingers along your forehead, or rub your temples, you let go a little bit more. Just a little bit more with every pass, every circle..."

Her eyes blinked again...and again...

"Shhhh...close your eyes and let go..."

She closed her eyes and sighed, my hands moving all along her body, soothing her down, down, down...

She shook her head. "No, Serena...you're being a bad girl..." she said weakly.

I smiled with confidence I hadn't had in a while. "Yes, I am...and for once you'd like that." My hand slipped down to her crotch. She was wearing these silky gym shorts and my fingers rubbed up against it.

"And now you need to relax and listen to me and my voice...and do what I tell you...that way you can be a good girl and let go...let go...let gooooo..."

She moaned as my fingers circled her pussy.

I kissed her neck. And lay her back in to the bed.

I moved her legs up onto the bed, her body limp and heavy.

I straddled her, my legs between her arms and her chest. She swallowed and tilted her head back. My fingertips tapped along her forehead in a downward motion – from her scalp to her eyebrows. "Now, Troi...you know what to do. You've done this to me enough times to know that you've probably self-conditioned yourself to hypnosis...and how easy it is for you to go under...and how much you'd like to feel it...so what you have to do is listen...and imagine...and feel..."

I leaned forward, my lips inches above hers and lowered my voice to an almost whisper...

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"I'm going to count down from 10 to 1...you know what happens during the countdown, don't you Troi? Each number, you inhale, and hold the breath until I tell you to let it go...and as you exhale... your body gets heavier...and your mind gets more and more open...and you go deep into hypnosis...and you...love it...so let's get you down there so you can feel what it's like to be sooooo deep into a trance...10..."

She inhaled and I waited a good long moment before I had her exhale.

I counted down...each number she inhaled, and I let her hold that breath until her face turned a little red...and when she exhaled, I could feel her getting heavier and heavier...and as I reached the number 1 I had her hold her breath for the longest time...i could see her little relaxed brow furrow slightly...then I had her exhale and she...sank...down...

I got off her and pulled up a chair alongside the bed, I sat back, crossed my legs, feeling a dampness I hadn't quite noticed before. "Troi, can you hear me okay?"

She nodded.

"Good. It's getting hotter in your room, Troi. The temperature is going up. It must be something like eighty five degrees in here. And it's getting hotter, Troi. Much hotter."

Troi's breathing got heavier. I continued down this path for awhile, bring the temperature up to 100 degrees and little beads of sweat formed on her head. She almost looked in pain as her body moved slightly – I wouldn't call it writhing, but she was too relaxed to do anything else.

I felt kind of evil.

I leaned next to her ear. "Your clothes are so hot. They're keeping you from feeling that wonderful breeze that I feel. Do you want to feel the breeze, Troi?"

"Yes...yes..." she gasped.

I got really close to her ear, my lips touching it and I whispered, bringing my voice to a low, almost growl... "Then beg me."

She gasped again. I could see she was trying to move her arms, but couldn't, they were too heavy.

I stroked them, just to be sure. "Heavy, heavy arms...can't move them...too hot to move..."

I stood up and put my hands around her silky shorts. "In a moment, I'm going to pull down your shorts. When they are off, you will feel this rush of cool air blow against you and it will make you feel as if you're having the most refreshing orgasm ever..."

She was doing her drowsy writhing, her legs moving more than I would have liked...but the heat and sexual tension was building in her – and the crazy thing was that I didn't even give her any triggers to make her horny. Just by being hypnotized, she had turned herself on.

I began to slide the shorts down...

"Every inch that the shorts move, you go deeper and deeper in to trance...your body grows heavier and heavier...you skin grows hotter and hotter...you're craving that soothing, sensual breeze to blow right up against your skin and cool you down...bring with it a powerful, sexual wave of excitement..."

I moved the shorts more.

She moaned.

And I pulled more...

And she moaned more...

And I kept going, down to just above her knees now...

"Almost there...almost there, Troi...and you will sink even

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deeper...down..."

I pulled some more...

"...down..."

Past her knees...

"...down...sinking down...sinking down...":

I slipped the shorts off past her ankles and threw them to the floor.

"And here comes the breeze."

I watched her and my jaw nearly dropped.

It started at her toes, then up her ankles and all the way up, up, up – a shuddering, like she was shivering in the winter snow.

Her flesh got covered in small bumps as she felt, actually felt, that breeze move up her body.

And by the time it reached her crotch – she let out a sound that I can only describe as a cross between an orgasmic yelp and a cry for help. And this continued for about another minute and then... she settled down...

Her breathing slowed down, I could see her get heavy – it was as if the sheets and comforter on the bed were enveloping her body.

There she lay.

I had hypnotized the one who had so enraptured me – the woman who had completely brainwashed me to the point that I was able to be someone else with a few simple triggers.

I had her on the bed (her bed to be exact) deeply hypnotized.

I thought to myself, "How should I take advantage of this situation?"

To be continued...

said 14 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 5 Comments

An Interview With A Serena



Stagehand over at <http://hypnosisaddiction.com/> was kind enough to promote this page awhile back and followed it up by being a really great guy.

He then asked to interview me.

Me.

It's bizarre to be asked to be interviewed, but he's A-OK in my book, so I agreed.

You can read it at <http://hypnosisaddiction.com/> and if you can't get to it from that site, try this one <http://hypnosisaddiction.com/>

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(yes, they're all the same link. I just want to make sure his site gets some exposure :D)

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Serena - Addict Part 2



This is follow up to <http://blog.360.yahoo.com/blog-prv3hTQzd6dSqndnbX4Gzt4ww-?cq=1&p=154> which you should read first if you haven't done so already...

It was a Saturday morning that I decided to attend my first Sex Addicts Anonymous meeting.

It was the start of summer and the sky was a combination of various grays and black. Rain was threatening to do something – anything – but it just wasn't happening yet.

The meeting was taking place at a church that was oddly enough around the corner from my work. I had left the apartment early and made my way into the city. I even went to my work, sat at my desk in the darkened office and looked up a few hypno-related pages.

As it got closer to noon, I pulled myself away from the computer and left the desk, once again ashamed at my behavior. It was starting to sprinkle, but not the powerhouse of rain it looked like it was capable of. I got to the church and instantly debated whether or not to just turn and run. Walking in there was going to be an admission that I was, indeed, an addict, and doing that, it would probably make me feel even shittier than I already did.

Outside the church was a group of men and women, smoking. These are the ones from AA (I determined later anyway). I walked through their cloud of smoke to get to the front doors of where the meeting was being held. The smell of the smoke made my

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stomach turn and I actually gagged – after my hypno-fest a few days earlier, and the numerous cigarettes I had smoked, the thought of smoking repulsed me to no end.

I got inside the building and breathed in – the air was cold and slightly antiseptic – it was like being in school. A few steps up and there was room #1 where the Sex Addicts Anonymous meeting was taking place. My heart pounded. I wanted to turn and run.

Instead I went to my left, into a small bookstore located in the building. It was a lot of religious books and pamphlets. I walked around, embarrassed, feeling as I have in the past – like they know my innermost secrets. Like the people in there are staring at me thinking 'That girl's a sex addict...she's in to hypnosis...what a freak!'

After awhile of berating myself mentally I walked out and went right into the meeting room...

It was a classroom. Chairs set up in a circle. And by chairs, I mean those little chairs with the little desk on the side that you have to squeeze in. I looked around the room and one of my fears was confirmed – I was the only woman there. I calmly found a seat next to the door (for a quick exit if needed) and waited for the meeting to begin.

As I sat there, I couldn't stop my mind from racing into places it shouldn't have been. The most prominent thought? It was that voice that I couldn't identify again, telling me things 'You should leave here. Go home and let's go online, look at some hypnosis videos. You have some money in your account still. You can do a phone call, or better yet, download some mp3s.'

I gripped the small desk until my fingers turned white.

Outside, the tarp of clouds got a rip and rain fell. Loudly.

The meeting began and for some reason, they kept the lights off. It seemed weird with how dark it was outside but my life was just as dark right now so it didn't matter.

I've been to AA meetings to support a family member – I know how the whole 12 step program works, so some of this wasn't foreign to me. I knew we had to go around the room and talk about ourselves, introduce ourselves.

It came to me and I couldn't speak. After what must have been an excruciating moment for the room, I spoke 'My name is Serena... and...I'm pretty sure I'm a sex addict.'

Saying those words wasn't as painful as I thought it would be. It was almost liberating. I was admitting that I was an addict. Without even realizing it at the time, that was one of the first steps to recovery – admitting you have a problem.

The meeting went on but it was plagued by this depressed tone – it felt like a European black and white movie from the 60's. The sky was dark, the room was dark, there was a lot of sighing and a lot of head shaking in disbelief at their own stories.

When it came time for me to speak, I didn't know what to say. I had no backbone in the idea of telling everyone I was a hypno-fetish addict. So I kind of omitted some parts and said I was addicted to certain fetishes and fantasies and that it was hard for me to not have them in my life to the point that I was missing real life.

And somehow, some way, that got through to people. They knew what I meant. And I didn't even get specific. I didn't talk about how I had sat there for three days, in and out of trance, allowing people to get me to that conditioned, relaxed state and giving them full access over my mind.

The rain had stopped and the meeting was coming to a close. I was feeling better about this. This could finally be what I needed.

And then...it was time for the meditation.

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If you're reading this, chances are you're a hypnosis addict so I think you can see where I'm going with this. The room sat in silence, for five minutes. People in a room, eyes closed, relaxed, looking more and more relaxed...I couldn't keep my eyes closed. I had to look at them. To fantasize about a room full of hypnotized people...

It was wrong and I knew it.

What was even more wrong was that there was one guy who was looking at me.

He was staring at me and then looking away and then looking back. It was the thing I feared most about this meeting – and it wasn't a 'hey, I have the same shoes!' kind of look. It was more of a leering.

The meeting ended and I sprinted out the door.

I got the front gates and wanted to run but I stopped, I don't know why, but I did.

And that's when Staring Guy walked up to me. My heart raced, he was gonna ask me out or something. And then he said the most interesting thing.

"I'm sorry I was looking at you but your story, what you said about being addicted to fantasies and not living your life really woke me up a bit. I wanted to thank you."

He smiled and walked off.

It was weird. I had totally misjudged the guy.

Another guy, the one who was leading the group came out and proceeded to tell me about two other meetings that took place at this church. He also said that the depressing nature of this meeting was not reflective of the other meetings and that I should give it a try.

I did end up going to meetings and they did help. I had one slip up close to getting thirty days of sobriety (I had bought some mp3s from Dominica's site because they had the word 'brainwashed' in the mp3 sample)

After that I didn't visit a website or listen to an mp3 or experience hypno for almost 2 ½ years.

They were some of the most vibrant times of my life.

When I did slip and start dabbling in hypnosis again, it was gradual. A peek at a website here, viewing a video clip there. Soon I was doing it again and would eventually incorporate it into my life more and more – sometimes slightly controlled but...not really.

It effected me badly a couple of times last year, and a few times this year – namely with my ex-boyfriend who, I can say I was truly, madly in love with.

Every day is a struggle. There are days when I want nothing more than to be in the darkness of my home office, headphones on and a hypnotic voice lulling me into trance.

But then I take day like the one I had yesterday, in the city with friends, at a nice park, watching a movie outdoors and having an all around great time.

THAT was living.

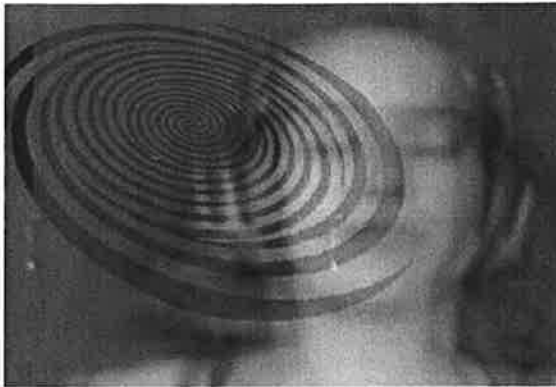
And I would have missed that if I had gone home and tranced out.

This addiction isn't easy (no addiction is) but writing about it helps somewhat.

I really hope it helps someone else in some way.

said 12 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 3 Comments

The First Time I Was Hypnotized



I was just out of high school. The hypnosis fascination had been with me for awhile but it still had a mystery to it. I didn't know what it would feel like. I had ideas, but nothing concrete. Nothing real.

But I had a plan.

Just short of going to an actual hypnotist and saying 'Hypnotize me, because I'm turned on by it and want to know what it feels like.' There weren't a lot of outlets. This is pre-internet (if some of you can remember that far back) so I had to really think this through.

Well...I had it worked out.

I was going to go to the local bookstore and purchase one of the hypnosis-on-tapes and at night when I could lock my door, I could slip on headphones and see what it would be like.

I drove out to the mall and went to see what they had.

I was nervous.

I looked through the entire two shelves of hypnosis on tapes. There were a lot of weight loss one, I was already thin so no need to be thinner. There were stop smoking ones, but I hadn't even had a cigarette yet in my life and hadn't planned on doing so (my how things change). I finally found one that could be good – Deep Sleep.

There were several different ones. I wasn't sure if I wanted a female or male voice. A female would be wonderful – it would bring me one step closer to being like Jennifer Hart. But a male voice...that would be dominant and more like what would happen in the real world – I mean, most evil hypnotists are men, aren't they? (rolling my eyes as I'm typing this)

I found one with a Dr. Lee Pulos. I'd made my decision. It was going to be THE ONE!

As I walked to the counter, my heart pounded – this was it – they were going to find me out. They were going to know that I had a hypnosis fetish. They were going to announce it to the whole store and they would laugh at me and then they would chase me down the – oh... wait...I'd just paid...and now I'm walking out of the store with the tape...

Looking back...being nervous was silly. The employee who rang me up probably was thinking more about her lunch break than any of my issues.

I drove home, excited by the idea that hopefully, that night, I would experience my first trance.

That night I took a nice warm shower (spent a little extra time washing my hair – oh how that Bionic Woman episode had a hold over me). I dressed lightly – a t shirt and shorts, I locked the door, turned off the lights, slipped on the headphones and hit play.

I took a deep breath with the anticipation one has before a roller coaster takes its first dive...

And the sound of waves filled my ears. Slow, moving waves...one after the other...soft crashes of water upon beach...and this continued for about a minute.

I began to wonder if I had played the subliminal messages side and not the voice induction side.

But I settled back and stared up at the ceiling. And then...his voice

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came through the headphones...

It wasn't booming and overpowering...no...it was soft, comfortable... and interesting to listen to...

And he began to speak about what it was like to go in to trance...and I was captivated...

He went on describing the waves and the tranquility of the sounds and how ones body reacts to trance and how trance is different for some people.

Eventually I realized that my mind had been wandering and I worried – but as if by some kind of magic, his voice broke through that to inform me that my mind might possibly wonder. I almost gasped, but I was feeling too drowsy to do so. How did he know what had just transpired in my bedroom? How did he know my mind was wandering?

I eased back down into listening to him speak. I noticed that my feet and hands were slightly tingly. It felt odd but a nice sensation that I wasn't going to complain too much about.

He suddenly mentioned how my feet and hands might be tingly.

OK – now it was officially getting weird. It was as if he had a camera in my room or in my mind and some how knew what was going to happen to me as I...then it hit me...I'm relaxing and slowly going into a trance state...

I wanted to get excited about it...but as he talked some more I felt waves of drowsiness wash over me...every time I heard a wave crash, then I started to crash...my body literally felt heavier...like I was making indentations into the bed...

I remember feeling like I was beginning to float as he continued to talk to me and then the strangest thing happened...a heartbeat could be heard, mixed in with the waves...bah bump...bah bump...bah bump... and as it bumped on and on, and those waves continued to crash in to nothingness...his voice split off...

In my right ear, he was saying something about going down into trance.

In my left ear he was describing relaxing heaviness.

I didn't know who to listen to.

And the two voices went on and on and the waves and the heartbeat...

Eventually I realized that it was all distant...every so often a wave would break through the haze and kind of startle me, but to sink back down into the warm, wet blanket of relaxation that was being weaved around me was too easy...and his voice was so comfortable...

The waves slipped away into nothing, the heartbeat continued for awhile and his voice, his soothing, hypnotic voice disappeared...and then everything else disappeared...I went in to a deep, hypnotic sleep.

I started this around 10 at night and I opened my eyes (with much difficulty) around 2 in the morning.

My body still felt hypnotized and like I was underwater, slow to move, slow to react.

I looked around the room and smiled.

I had been hypnotized.

I had also left a little spot in my panties.

I was turned on during trance.

It was one of the most exciting feelings I'd ever had.

So I turned around, hit rewind on the tape recorder, and proceeded to do it all over again.

About four years ago, I was on some online free mp3 site and found one of his recordings. I was curious to see what it would be like, having been through Troi and Dan and so many others who had taken me there, what would it be like to hear Dr. Lee Pulos' voice again.

I downloaded the file, put on headphones – I didn't really prepare for anything, I wasn't expecting a full trance session.

I heard the waves, and the strangest thing happened – my body reacted. It had to have been maybe eleven years since I'd heard them,

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but my body reacted.

Then...he spoke.

He dropped me back down almost instantly – probably due to my constant listening to that tape as well as one other I'd purchased.

Dr. Lee Pulos was my first.

They say you never forget your first.

Unless, of course, the hypnotist makes you forget.

said 12 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 2 Comments

Hey everyone! I'm not gone, just not online as much!

So what's been happening on my end?

1. My office moved to a new office, so the set up is not as private as it used to be – therefore, you won't be getting gas many sexy pics with new posts – tough to photoshop a picture of a half-naked Kate Moss with a spiral without the person behind me getting suspicious.

2. I'm going to try and keep the blog posts up but my work load has increased in the new place as well as the aforementioned lack of privacy, it's hard to not get lost in typing up some wonderful recollection of a hypnotic escapade and then suddenly realize someone is over my shoulder reading what I'm typing (it's happened once already, not with hypnosis related stuff but something else I was writing)

3. My IM time will be next to nothing here. It would be fine if some of the IM names weren't so risqué. I'd be fine if someone was at my desk talking to me and Bob2777 popped up, but when it's Hypnosesexualkittyplaything7 or something like that...well...eyebrows get raised and Serena's job could get canned.

4. Some of you know about my "dating buddy". We've been kind of fading out of the fun we've been having, but some good things have come about being with him:

- a. I got reminded how much I enjoyed sex with another person
- b. I got to make someone laugh and he got to make me laugh
- c. I got reminded how much I enjoyed sex with another person
- d. It was nice to cuddle up and watch a movie
- e. I got reminded how much I enjoyed sex with another person
- f. It was nice to have a non-hypno related relationship
- g. I got reminded how much I enjoyed sex with another person

The one drawback was that it has made me think fondly and seriously about my ex-boyfriend and that has been hard on me mentally – it's not fair to the Dating Buddy when I'm thinking about my ex in downtime. But... I got reminded how much I enjoyed sex with another person

That's about it.

I'm sorry I haven't been able to respond to the emails and IMs – work has been crazy.

I hope to have a new post up next week and possibly find the time to IM, albeit briefly, but I'll try and hop online for more than 10 seconds.

Hope all is well with you out there.

Much love

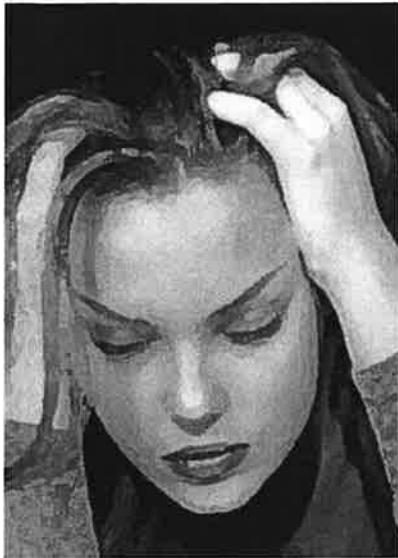
Serena

said 13 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

I'm back!

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Things I learned in my time away:

- It was a surreal but wonderful experience to hear words I'd written, spoken by an amazing hypno-domme (i.e. Nikki Fatale and A Lesson In Brainwashing)
- It was fun popping into the Hypnofantasy Forum Chat Room the few times that I did.
- Me + alcohol + unsupervised internet + hypno desire = trouble...not good financially
- My love/hate relationship with smoking continues – I hate it, but get me in that pre-trance state, the endorphins running through my blood stream, my mind open and floating like smoke and I will do it without question. I still don't like doing it (and seem to only do it when there's trance or alcohol involved)
- There are quite a few talented people out there making some amazing flash programs. Watched a few of them. A couple dropped me really deep and one in particular did a real brainwashing number on me...or rather, Nadja.
- And finally, I listened to 3 of Isabella Valentine's recordings... more than once...and then again a few more times – I may not consciously know it, but I think she's got something somewhere up there in my brain to be activated at a later date.

There are going to be a few changes in my job so my online time might not be as much as it has been.

I will continue to write. I will continue to chat when I can.

But it may not be as frequent as I have been trying to make it.

Having said that, I hope to have a couple of new blogs up this week. It wasn't all fun while I was away – I did do some work (writing).

Serena

said 13 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

Watching 'Breakfast At Tiffany's' With Troi Part 2



Sometimes you run blindly into a situation. You never know what you're doing it for; you never know what the outcome will be. But you have a confidence that overtakes all else and you just go for it.

And then, when you're finally at the cusp of whatever it is you wanted to do...you find yourself scratching your head and asking 'Now what?'

And that was what it was like in this moment. Troi lay beneath me, her eyes heavy and closed. Her body a limp mass of sexuality. Her brain an open door to a dark room, waiting for my words to light it up.

I had the crazy idea to hypnotize her for no other reason than I was bored. And it was such a matter of the subject turning the tables.

Well, tables turned. But it would have been nice to have had a plan.

I stroked her cheek and she showed no response. She was out.

An idea came to me – if she was under hypnosis and an open book, I could get her to tell me what SHE wanted to do. I'm sure she would like that. So I leaned forward, propped myself up on her chest, my chin resting on my hands and I smiled "Troi, can you hear me?"

She nodded.

"I want you to just focus on my words and listen to what I'm going to ask you. You can do that, can't you?"

She licked her lips, seemed to clear her mouth a bit and responded "Yes."

"Good. Now that you're in a deep trance, I want you to tell me what you think I'm going to do you."

Her brow furrowed and I could see her sleepy mind spinning around, looking for an answer. After about twenty seconds, she sighed. "I think you're going to try and brainwash me. Keep me under for hours and brainwash me like I've brainwashed you."

Funniest thing happened. She said the dreaded 'B' word a few times. And as I lay on top of her, I could feel excitement grow inside. All from a word. Even in trance she still was controlling me!

Now, the idea of brainwashing her was enticing, but I knew that I didn't have the time to devote to something like that. I had to work in the morning, I mean come on!

"And is there anything else you think I'm going to do to you?" I asked.

She thought again and smiled a bit – it was tiny, but I could make it out. "You're going to pleasure me...you're going to pleasure me

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because you want to see me squirm helplessly. Because you want to see what you look like when I have you hypnotized and when I'm brainwashing you...when I'm brainwashing you..."

I practically came right there and then on top of her.

And as these words floated in the air like waft of smoke, my head began to buzz and I had the most intense desire to slide down and begin to perform oral sex on Troi.

I like men and women, but oral sex with women has always been something I've been uneasy about. I don't know why. I just have. I didn't mind getting it, but giving it was something else. But now, at this moment in her room...I had to do it. I wanted to see her squirm so badly I could almost...taste it?

So there I went, sliding down her body, kissing her along the way.

And as I pleasure her, I could hear her voice get louder, the moans become more and more clear the more my tongue circled and traced along her. Soon her legs were trying to move and I could see her fingers twitching – her arms were too heavy to lift. And the idea that she couldn't move because I had taken her to that state was intense.

I sat up, off to the side of Troi on the bed. Troi whimpered at my unfinished business.

"Troi," I made sure to have a slight authority to my voice "you want to move your arms, don't you?"

She nodded, looking as if she would cry.

"You want to move them so badly and pleasure me back, don't you?"

I traced my fingers along the place my mouth was seconds ago.

"Yes." She gasped.

"I'm going to count from five to one. When I reach one, you will open your eyes but remain in trance. You will get up from the bed and you will stand up. You will sink to your knees and turn to me and you will pleasure me. Do you understand?"

She nodded quicker. "Yes...yes..."

"Good girl. Five...wanting to obey more and more...four...the desire to pleasure me so strong now....stronger than it ever has been...three...more and more aroused and ready to obey...two...one...obey..."

Her eyes opened and she slowly got up, spun her legs off the bed and sat up. Then she slid off and turned, her movement smooth like a dancer's, albeit a hypnotized dancer – but with a grace that stunned me.

I moved to the side of the bed, sitting up, leaning back, and spreading my legs.

Troi fluidly moved down there and soon, my eyes rolled up into my head as Troi did things she never had before.

She continued and eventually I orgasmed. I grabbed the pillow, covering my mouth with it as curse words burst through my mouth as sexual ecstasy burst out elsewhere. "S-stop...stop..." I told Troi.

As my breathing slowed down to a more normal rate, I removed the pillow and looked up at the ceiling, composing myself. I was about to sit up when Troi spoke. "How do you feel?"

I sat up quickly. "You're supposed to be hypnotized."

I hate to use a clichéd cliché, but she looks like the cat that swallowed the canary. "Am I now?"

I was confused. "I hypnotized you. You were out like a light."

She crawled up on top of me, nuzzling my neck. "I was for a bit. You're good. You've learned a lot while you've been in trance, no doubt."

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I pushed her off me. "You weren't hypnotized?"

"I was. But as I was going down on you, something happened and I came to." She kissed me. It tasted like sex.

She got off me and went to her dresser.

I sat up, a little disappointed. "That sucks. I thought I'd had a bit of control over you."

She opened her top drawer, probably to get a fresh pair of underwear.

"You could have. You were on the outskirts of it. But like I said, you were really good...got me all hot and bothered."

She turned around. In one hand – a pair of black satin gloves.

My heart sank.

"And now it's your turn to pleasure me."

I began to get off the bed, ready to protest – she was already in front of me, dangling the gloves in front of my eyes, almost like a crystal on a string.

She spoke, her voice intense. "And now...it's your turn...to pleasure me...isn't it?"

"I...can't go all night...I have to..."

She moved the gloves away and began to slide one glove on to my right arm. "Just relax, Serena...it won't take long..." she pulled the glove up all the way, and as she did, my arm went numb and limp. She began to put on the left glove. "All you have to do...is just give up...let go...and relax..."

The word 'relax' made my shoulders slump.

She began to lead me to her leather chair and she sat me down.

Her fingers slipped under my chin, made me look at her.

The last thing I remember? Her lips... "Time to go to sleep now, Serena."

Blackness.

Later, Troi told me that she got off on me sitting in the chair while she took me very, very deep and then watched me masturbate while she made stare at a picture of Audrey Hepburn – gloved and smoking. She may have done some other things because she was very coy when I asked her about it.

All I know is that I drove home that night awake and alert and happy that I had such a good time watching 'Breakfast At Tiffany's'. It was such a great movie. I was excited when Troi said we should watch it again later in the week. I couldn't wait.

And I'm sure it was all me that wanted to watch it again.

No post-hypnotic involved...yup...all me...all me...all me...

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So what happened?



It's been an odd/rough/interesting few weeks.

At the start of September, I had a few days to myself. No roommate. And I bought a cable and tapped in to her internet. After the things that had happened last time around, you'd think I would have a modicum of self-control but I'm an addict and well...self-control is something I have a shortage of sometimes.

The idea, the very thought that I was going to be alone, late at night, online with the mysterious world hypnosis out there at my fingertips was too much to pass up.

And, of course, I can't just do online hypno. I've got to make a fucking production out of the whole thing. So I have to get alcohol and cigarettes and a new pair of gloves and blah blah blah...I'm even bored of it just typing it up.

So there I was, late at night, very buzzed and waiting for the trigger to bring me down to the most submissive level. And it appeared.

I had worked with this guy before and he had provided me with several flash files that had a profound effect on me. Well, he caught me at the right (wrong) time and that was it. (no, I will not mention him by name so don't ask me – some of you know him, some don't, end of story)

Sunday night was spent watching these files over and over again, talking to him online. As Monday morning came around I was a mess, my brain absolutely fried. I stumbled into my room and lay there for a little bit, trying to get my head together. I got a shower and was ready to go outside, just to get some sense of the real

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world. But as I attempted to put on street clothes, I could see the words in his programs flashing in my mind and the next thing I knew, I was back down in my home office in the basement – stripped down to only panties and gloves, lights out and headphones on.

And I sat there.

FOR EIGHT HOURS!!!!

Glued in front of that machine watching these files non-stop.

Every so often, I would stop and listen to a hypnosis mp3 I have designed to relax the conscious mind and really bring out the submissive nature of the subconscious – then it wakes up the listener with that mindset in the forefront and I'd watch all over again.

I was brainwashing myself for him.

And was loving it.

At least that was what these files and his IMs were telling me.

There were moments of resistance. And he always found a way to bring me back down to a relaxed state using triggers from these files and would use the cigarettes as an almost reward tool. Rewarding me for the various levels I was sinking to.

And my God it worked.

Every time I would reach a new level of brainwashing, I would contact him. And he would tease me. Make me beg for permission to smoke. And when I did, an almost orgasmic rush would flow through me, because I was obeying. Because I had forced myself to sit through hours of programming. Because I was being brainwashed.

It all flooded through me.

I had made plans for Monday evening, but once those ended, I was back in the room. Back in front of the computer until sunrise.

And when the next day came, I was a mess.

I was sleep deprived. I was confused by simple things like how to make coffee.

I was shuffling around my apartment, trying to make sense of everything – anything. I didn't want to go outside, didn't want to enjoy the time off from work.

I would sit on the couch, knowing that I should eat something.

Instead, by this time, it was dark outside, and I would go back downstairs for more.

He would be online and we would chat and finally we reached a new level. We were going to speak in person. I was terrified and excited.

I was finally going to hear the voice of the man who had been responsible for some of the most intense brainwashing I'd received in the longest time.

But there was an important factor missing – a headset for my computer had not been purchased – even though he had specifically commanded me to do so.

I fought that suggestion with every small ounce of strength I had left.

I had managed to hook up an old microphone to my computer and the headphones I had been using and realized that I could actually talk online to him. I was online, ready to do it and the microphone, I realized, made my voice sound like I was in a tin can and that I had swallowed the reverse of helium (whatever that would be) My voice sounded slowed down. It was weird.

Or maybe it was normal and my headspace was such that I thought I sounded like a linebacker.

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We talked via IM for awhile. It was finally decided that if he couldn't hear me properly then he didn't want to at all. And the strangest thing happened.

I began crying.

I was devastated.

I felt as though my heart had been broken.

In a sense, I was in love with this man. Someone who I had never seen, someone I hadn't even spoken to had captured my heart as well as my mind. And it felt right.

And now he didn't want to talk to me. I couldn't stop crying. I wanted to hear him, wanted to give in to him. Earlier that night I found myself confessing things to him – deep dark fantasies that I'd never spoken about to anyone. And it was so easy to talk to him, like I'd been injected with truth serum.

I WANTED to tell him things. I offered him things and he turned them down, saying it wasn't the right time for that.

I was that ready and willing.

When we weren't going to talk, he told me to watch his studies some more and smoke a cigarette and then go to bed.

I did so.

And as I lay in bed that night, exhausted, dizzy, heartbroken, a sense of something not quite right crept over me. I was actually crying myself to sleep because I wanted to leave NYC and go wherever it was that he was and be with him. If he could make me feel this way with minimal contact, the ways he could make me feel in person were worth changing my entire life around.

I was ready to quit my job, pack it all up and go be with him.

And he hadn't even asked me to.

Do you see where I'm getting at here?

I was completely fucked up in the head. And while it was because of a lot of his files and IM chats, it was instigated by me. I walked in to the room, allowed my defenses to be lowered and subverted, my mind to be open and while I did a lot of this, he took complete advantage of it.

Hats off to him for seeing the backdoors and loopholes and going to town.

And now, here we are...

My roommate came back, I had to disconnect the internet and she wanted to know why I was so depressed and fucked up. I couldn't tell her. I lashed out at her, told her to mind her own fucking business. We had fights all the time and she threatened to move out. All the while I wanted to offer to move out so I could go be with him, wherever he was.

I would sit in my room at night, craving to watch those files for hours. I would even sneak peeks at work when no one was looking. And I did something I hadn't really ever done outside of hypno and nights out drinking – I was smoking.

It felt like I was going through detox.

I've taken these last few weeks to try and get my head straight. Although I have still be circling the hypnosis waters these last few weeks, I have been able to have a little more self-control when it comes to areas. As for said hypnotist, I'm still weak to him. He's contacted me a few times (and will most likely contact me after this) and who knows? I may just eventually end back up in his clutches (the sex addict part of me is happy to equate it to Tanya Rogers in Charlie's Angels...it is quite a bit like that)

But, in surprising/good news, I got an email about a week ago from someone I never thought I'd hear from again.

My ex. Erik.

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Some of you know the details of him, others don't. Let's just say I fell hard for this guy and we fit really well. Like a....wait for it...wait for it...hand in glove...black satin :D

He emailed me last week. Said he had been reading my blog since we broke up, was worried about me a few times, then got really worried about me. He had debated whether or not to contact me and...he did.

We've been talking on the phone and working out things. He's given me permission to write about it on here and I may just be doing that in the weeks to come. Some of it is hypno related, some of it isn't.

Either way, I'm writing it.

It's up to you if you read it or not.

OK, so wrapping it up.

I'm back.

I got really, really, really messed up.

I still need to clear some things out of my mind.

I've missed being on here and talking with some of you.

Much love

Serena

said 11 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 9 Comments

The Study of Hypnotic Things Part 2



Last time, in my Study of Hypnotic Things, I talked about visual – spirals, crystals and so forth. Someone posted about lying in the bathtub and watching the water slowly drip from the faucet, into the water and it got me thinking about sounds and how they could be used to study hypnotic things.

The rhythmic beat of water dripping...one drop...after the next....after the next...could easily...lull...the right person...in to a trance like state...

I have even had one person use a metronome on me (as both a visual and auditory inducer) Something about the bright metallic hammer of the metronome clicking back and forth...back....and forth...back....and forth...was quite hypnotic.

Recently, more and more inductions have been popping up online employing the use of tones. Anyone with half an interest in hypnosis is aware that certain tones, when concentrated upon, can slow down brain functions and induce an alpha state of consciousness. If one were to study a hypnotic visual, while a tone was playing, starting at such a certain pitch and slowly...making its way...down...into a lower...tone...it would easily...relax the person...without their even awareness...that they were...indeed...relaxing...

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I was at the mall recently and there was display booth that had these relaxation chairs with these goggles you placed over your eyes and headphones that cradled your ears. Of course, upon seeing these, my first thought was 'My God, I hope that extremely cute Indian salesgirl is trying to brainwash people into subservience.' Then reality kicked in and I figured I'd try it. First off, the girl had the sweetest, most relaxing, quietest voice, I didn't even need goggles. As she spoke to me about the functions of the chair, I could feel my thighs want to give in and I almost collapsed into the chair right there and then.

She placed the headphones on, then the goggles and told me to close my eyes.

I did so and the light show began. At first, I tried to study the colors, see what pattern they were going in – blue, then yellow, then green, then back to yellow, then red – all in some form.

Then I heard the tone. It was low and I took a deep breath (luckily I had placed my purse over my lap just in case I got too aroused and stained myself) As the tone went on, the lights began to move in synch with it and soon I was too tired to study them any more. I just let myself go – allowed my mind to wander.

The tone was so low now that it was almost inaudible...

The salesgirl was removing the headphones and goggles and I was going to protest but I was too drowsy. 'I've hardly had any time to try this out.' I managed to say.

She looked at me somewhat shocked and smiled. "You've been sitting here for almost twenty five minutes. I was going to try and wake you but I haven't seen anyone react that quickly to this system. You seemed to become really relaxed."

I practically made a mess right there and then. I couldn't believe the clarity of it.

As I got up and walked away, I felt as though I had been hypnotized deeply and I possibly was in some sort of trance-like state. The mall seemed to be floating around me. I was blissful and happy.

A couple of months ago, someone sent me a file to review – it didn't contain a spiral, but a pattern of flickering lights, emanating from a bright circle in the center. At first I wanted to watch the lights, but as his voice came over the headphones, he told me to focus on the white center, to really study its shape and form and that the lights would be able to come through the center. There were words and images flashing by so quickly it was hard to really notice them as the penetrating tone seemed to numb me.

It was then the sound of a binaural tone came through with his voice. As he spoke in his soothing pattern, and I did as he said – study the white circle – he was correct, the lights that were coming from behind it began to become one with the circle and soon, they were all the same. I knew the tones were working, but the lights and audio together made it such an incredible addictive feeling.

But the thing that amazed me was, at the end of the session, I sat there, unwilling to move. I just wanted to continue staring. And he had stopped talking but he did something that was absolutely brilliant. He began to have the hypnotic tone go higher and higher until it was as if I could feel my consciousness returning and soon I was wide awake – all without a proper count up. It was the kind of study that you just want to do everyday because it was so wonderful and good.

So, sorry for my ramblings...but I'm curious if anyone else has that these kinds of experiences with the strong power of tones?

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The Study Of Hypnotic Things



Yesterday, I was sitting here at work and realized that I had been staring at my computer screen for about five minutes doing nothing. There wasn't anything on the screen except a blank white page – I was trying to craft a memo and was blank, like the page.

I had, in a way, tranced myself by sitting there and by trying to study the blankness of the white page. Trying to explore every detail, seeing if there were inconsistencies in the white. Talking about it now, it's silly, but it got me thinking for the rest of the day and as I went home on the subway – what is it about certain objects that are, in their own way, hypnotic that makes us want to just look at them.

The most common one, of course, would be The Spiral. I am so conditioned by spirals that it's very easy for me to get taken in to them. Maybe it has to do with seeing Sherlock Holmes in 'The Woman In Green' at such a young age, but for me, spirals hold this mystical, magical power. To stare at one, to sit and really notice the way it moves, the circles intertwining around and around, I can sit there for hours (and have at some points in my life) just watching one.

I remember once many years ago in L.A., with one of the few men who hypnotized me in person, Dan (not his real name by the by) had me sit in his home office. The shades were drawn and it was very warm in there so I was drowsy. He had me sit and watch a spiral on his computer screen. Just sit there and watch it. Do nothing else, but stare at it and I remember him telling me to study the way the black and white eventually met in the center, only to fold upon themselves and start over again. This went on for maybe an hour. Eventually he turned it off and it was as if I'd gotten off the mad Tea Cup Ride. My head was spinning, my vision was blurry. He told me to stand, and I did, only to want to fall over.

He pulled me to him, I could feel how excited he was against my silky panties and he led me over to his couch and sat me down where he held my face in his hands, eventually massaging my temples and relaxing me more. But for the rest of the night, I could see that spiral, burned in to my mind.

The next thing that I like to sit and watch is a crystal. It has to be the right size and it has to have the light focused on it, obviously, in order to get the pretty blue and red and yellow colors. Dan used a crystal as well. He would show it to me with a small flash light shining upon it – the flash light was held behind my head, point directly at the glass as it spun around and around. He had worked out an angle where the colors would splash out onto my face. He would talk about the intricacies of cut of the crystal, how it was designed to absorb the light, much like it was designed to take energy through the eyes, thus making them drowsy and tired.

To this day, if I'm in a room with him, and he pulls out that crystal, I'm drawn to it. The rest of the room fades away, almost becomes out of focus, like turning the lens on a camera. That crystal is the

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only thing IN focus and I can only stare at it and listen to what he tells me.

It is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen.

The final thing that I consider a tool of Hypnotic Study is a candle. Something as simple as a flame can capture one's attention, and do it in such an unsuspecting manner. Once I was in a session with Mistress Cassie. I was in my home office (lots of hypno going on in home offices it seems) She had brought in and out of trance several times. This time, she asked what I had to light the drugged black cigarettes with. There was candle. He had me move the candle close and had me stare at the flame.

Now, I'd been hypnotized by candles before, but for some reason (and maybe it was everything I'd done to prep for this session) this flame was unlike any other I'd seen. It was strong and pure. It was alive as it moved back and forth in such a smooth, almost silky manner. And as she spoke to me, her voice coming through the headset, I almost felt as if I was on drugs because the flame seems to grow and I could feel my body getting warmer and heavier.

I watched that thing for...well...I don't know how long to be honest with you. But eventually, the candle flame went back to its regular size, I lit a black cigarette and became more drugged and addicted to her and her will.

These are the things that I find easy to watch, examine and study in a hypnotic fashion.

Oh, also black satin gloves. But I'm the one usually wearing them so...tough for me to hypnotize myself while wearing them. However, if someone like Angelina Jolie (back when she was a smoking bad girl, not now when she's a mother of 17 kids) or my new favorite girl crush Katee Sackoff (Starbuck from Battlestar Galactica – who does smoke) walked in to the room with gloves on...well...my will is theirs.

What about you? What do you like to examine for hypnosis?

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A few Youtube links



Do yourself a favor...go click on these links.

They're from the Charlie's Angels episode 'Attack Angel' where the gorgeous Tanya Roberts goes undercover and is unwittingly hypnotized and brainwashed into becoming an assassin.

Let me just say that if I had a most played list in the days of VHS, this would be on it.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U0pC85V_gus

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CJ9rPQ2a89o>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_CVSBvmSAoU

and while you're at it, check out what may be my favorite scene of all time – Hart to Hart 'Hart of Diamonds' – Stephanie Powers, already conditioned by god only knows how many sessions of

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hypnotic brainwashing. My all time #1.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K7r9A7brbl4>

I'm going to have another post up today about something that popped into my head yesterday while I sat at my desk at work – The Study of Hypnotic Things.

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UPDATED: The Hollywood Smoking Conspiracy



Kirsten Dunst used to rail against it.

Then Natalie Portman.

So many actresses have talked about how much they hate smoking and how they don't understand why someone would do it.

And one by one, they all began to give in and started smoking.

Anne Hathaway is the latest one seen out with Emily Blunt and taking 'smoking breaks'.

And if the clips from her latest movie are any indication, Ms. Hathaway is going to be one sexy smoker.

How does Hollywood do it?

I, of course, have my own theories – most of which involve smoking reinforcement sessions with a studio-sponsored 'therapist'. About two weeks of 'therapy' on the lot with various conditioning techniques and so forth.

Makes me wish I was acting again...just for the therapy.

FOUND THIS ONLINE TODAY

Anne Hathaway stepped out of a luncheon at the Lodos Restaurant in downtown Denver to have a cigarette. She asked me and one other photographer covering the event if she could smoke without us ganging up on her. I told her, "sure, if you agree to let me take a quick shot of you." She smiled and said she thought that was a fair barter, posed for the picture then hid off in a corner for her smoke before heading back into the restaurant moments later. "I picked it up during my last movie," Hathaway said. Sure Anne, that's what all the movie stars say! ;P

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Erik, meet Serena Part 1



Erik and I had been dating for a few months now. He was well aware of my fascination with hypnosis and the depths that I had been taken. We had even tried it a few times ourselves – I had hypnotized him about three times and he tried to hypnotize me, but with little success (I think he was too nervous about it). Eventually, I listened to an mp3 that was designed to take me deep and make me submissive. He said he enjoyed it but was still a little unsure how the whole thing worked.

One night we were talking about the personality of 'Serena' and how it had been carefully formed by Troi. He couldn't quite believe that with the proper prodding and post-hypnotic triggers, a whole different persona would come out of my brain and take over. I assured him that it was possible and agreed to show him – if he was game for it.

He was.

So one night, when I knew my roommate was going to be away for a few days, I had Erik wait in the living room. I told him I wouldn't be out of the bedroom for about two hours and when I did come out, I wouldn't be myself. He was still skeptical.

I went in to the bedroom and locked the door.

I had a glass of wine and (unbeknownst to Erik) taken a Nyquil to help get me into that drowsy state. Once I felt it kicking in, I undressed and got myself encased in the black catsuit 'Serena' enjoyed wearing (with gloves of course). I put on the headphones, lay back on the bed and hit play on my itunes playlist I'd installed on my ipod and away I went.

Literally.

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I could feel myself not only getting heavier and heavier as the female hypnotist's voice droned on through the headphones, I could feel my personality slipping away in to the black. When it got to the part where she was having me erase my past, I could feel it slipping away – in fact, I have a vivid, VIVID recollection of getting to the part of Erik and being sad that I wasn't going to remember him anymore (it was all temporary of course, but in that state, it seemed like it was going to be forever)

Eventually, I sunk to a level that was haze and fog and hypnotic voices and trance drowsiness and the tingling of letting go. And soon, a cool, calm British accent came through the headphones. It was a familiar voice in my blank mind...she seemed familiar...and as she spoke, informing me who I was, I realized that it was me.

I was talking to myself.

I had pre-recorded something to play before the wake-up of the brainwashing hypnosis induction. It was to inform the blank me who I really was and what I was all about.

"Your name is Serena Moss. Serena Moss. You were born in London. You are a spy for a secret organization. You are Serena Moss. You were born in London."

This continued for awhile and then it moved in to the next portion of brainwashing...

"Serena...you enjoy hypnosis in all of its facets. Hypnosis is a part of you and who you are. You love to be hypnotized. It is an almost sexual experience for you to be hypnotized. You love being hypnotized and you love to hypnotize. You have been captured a few times while on assignment and have been deeply hypnotized and in fact were so deeply brainwashed on one assignment that you fell in love with your captor. He brainwashed you to the point that you were ready to give up your life for him. And that excites you, knowing the control he had over your mind."

And this went on and on for awhile as well...

"When you were 16, at an all girls school, you began smoking to rebel against the head mistress. You stopped once you joined the service, but occasionally you would smoke a cigarette socially. When you were captured and brainwashed by that man, he made you a smoker again. The idea of you smoking a cigarette turned him on very much and knowing how much it pleased him turned you on just as much. And because of that, you smoked more and more. You became addicted to it. Just like you are addicted to being hypnotized. You MUST have a cigarette. You MUST smoke. You smoke when you are surrounded by hypnosis."

And THIS went on and on...

I could feel myself gaining strength again. As sections of my mind were put back, bit by bit, I could feel my sense of self returning.

Eventually, the voice (my voice) faded away and I slipped down into hypnotic slumber, until I heard someone counting me up...it was the recording again. And my eyes opened.

I lay there for a moment – legs numb and heavy as if I had been on a long run. My arms tingled, encased in their black satin sheathes. I lay there, curious as to where I was, what I was doing —

Like a jolt, my brain snapped to attention and I realized that I was on a mission.

In the other room was a man, Erik, who was going to try and seduce me for information. I had to turn it around on him and seduce him, hypnotize him to make him forget what his original goal was.

I sat up, saw the glass of wine on the desk and a pack of cigarettes. I lit a cigarette – it felt so good – my pussy actually tingled as I inhaled.

I then picked up the glass of wine, took a sip and made my way to

...yahoo.com/.../FUXQ6ZEXNIG5I...

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the door, headed for Erik – my target...

TO BE CONTINUED

said 9 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 7 Comments

I'm Back From Vacation

No, I didn't just up and leave the internet.

That would be crazy talk!

I was on vacation and away from the internet for about 2 1/2 weeks.

In my absence I see that some have flown the coop and others have been lying around quietly.

I have a couple of thing to write about – not recent experiences, the hypno well has been dry on this end for some time now.

But my ex (who I have been casually dating again) reminded me of an experience we had one evening. An experience where he was interested in meeting Serena (the english one) and I popped off to another room for an hour or so to listen to some mp3s.

And when I came out of the room, he was shocked to find this whole different woman there. English, slinky, sexier, and more seductive than he ever imagined. I have to pry him for more details and most of it is fuzzy to me, so in the next few weeks I will have that written up.

Hope everyone is well.

Love

Serena

said 9 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

Wisdom Teeth Removal UPDATE

Everything was fine.

Was injected with something that helped me sleep. It wasn't what I thought it would be like. Didn't get all warm and heavy – just kinda, sorta closed my eyes.

The dentist let me put on my headphones and listen to music while he did whatever it was he did.

Then next thing I knew, he was waking me up and took me to the recovery room til I felt well enough to walk around.

The only thing that was weird was the recovery room itself – it had a giant spiral that I had to watch for about an hour and then was taken to an underground level of the building where I was trained in how to use firearms and then underwent something they called 'sensory conditioning' for a few hours.

All in all, a pleasant experience.

(I'm fine and was surprised at how 'out of it' I didn't feel afterwards. Just taking some extra strength Tylenol and I seem to be A-OK... unless I see a particular symbol appear in an email, or receive the codeword 'Time to go in to your dreamstate, Serena' – in that case I get up from my desk....walk to the car outside my building.....obey my controller's instructions...without question....obey....obey....take Tylenol for pain....obey some more.... :D)

said 10 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 7 Comments

Guess what I get to do tomorrow?

I get to have some wisdom teeth pulled!!!!

Guess what I hope happens?

I hope that when they inject me with whatever it is they will to knock me out, that it turns out to actually be sodium pentothal and

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that they DON'T pull my teeth and instead it's all an elaborate ruse to brainwash unsuspecting women to be spies for some organization.

Guess what's really gonna happen?

I'm gonna have some wisdom teeth pulled!

Crap

said 10 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 5 Comments

Your Ultimate Hypnotic Fantasy?



I've been lucky/cursed to have been able to experience things in hypnosis that others only write about.

If you could experience only one hypnosis fantasy – what would it be?

If you were given the chance of a lifetime to make your fantasy become a reality, what would you want to have happen?

Would you want to have your mind completely taken over in a smooth, subtle way?

Would you want to undergo hardcore brainwashing – painful, yet erotic at the same time?

Would you want to have your personality completely changed around and awaken anew?

What would you want?

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2008 - Looking back



Every year seems to be a struggle. But I'll get back to this in a minute...

The previous year, I had had a scare with cancer. Small tumor on my back.

I was terrified that I would die and all of the things I wanted to achieve would never happen.

Then I got lucky.

The cancer was removed and I got a clean bill of health.

I met someone at a New Year's Eve party. We hit it off and connected on a level that didn't require words or pithy courting games.

It. Just. Worked.

This was Erik.

2008 arrived.

I moved in to a new apartment with my roommate (who I seem to keep around as a grounding tool – a ball and chain so I don't go crazy and taste and touch too much) and within days of moving in to the apartment, I found a way to sneak internet to my computer if my roommate wasn't around – yes...I'm an addict.

My relationship with Erik was growing stronger and faster. A space capsule coming in for the splash down...nothing could go wrong.

Until I confessed to him about my hypno-fetish. At first, he was fine with it, wanted to experience it. I hypnotized him and then allowed him to experience me under hypnosis.

That was when he met Serena.

As the days went on, I began to bring in some of the more intense aspects of my addiction into our relationship. It's amazing how something like brainwashing doesn't seem like a work of art to some. To me, it is beautiful. To Erik it was odd. To others, it's just a word.

Sometimes I wish it was just a word.

I began to post the details of my hypnotic experiences (something that had initially been suggested by Erik at some point – "Maybe

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you should talk about these things to other people, maybe it will take some of it away and make you feel better." He had said) I posted a couple of things while we were dating – my experiences with Troi, and so on.

Around this time, I was spending more and more time sneaking on to the internet. Going to inter net cafes – seedy little places that were occupied by teenage gamers and older men who huddled at the corner computer doing God knows what. I would download files, I would IM people, I would allow myself to be led down paths where I had to go home and be alone. I would get myself into a state where Erik didn't matter, my job didn't matter, nothing mattered but being hypnotized.

It was also where I met someone online who began to seep his way into my brain like a drug seeps into a blood stream. I was intrigued by aspects of what he was offering, and it seemed to be tailor-made for my tastes. There were things I didn't like. Things that turned me off – I like the idea of being mindless, just not stupid. And pole dancing isn't my thing.

It was around this time that Erik exited my life. He said he loved me but that hypnosis was more important to me than love.

In the back of my mind while he was telling me this were images from flash files, sounds of hypnotic tones and spirals. He left, I crumbled inside and locked myself in a dark room and began to watch flash programs endlessly.

I was giving in to a darker side of hypnosis I had not experienced in some time. And it felt so fucking good. It was as if my body (not just my mind) was being washed clean and soon I would be a clean slate for someone to do with as they pleased.

Then my grandmother died.

And the ugly nature of this person who was so gracious with their hypnosis came out in a comment that angered me.

I attended my grandmother's funeral. A woman I loved so dearly and now she was gone. And the idea that I was wasting so much life try to attain something that wouldn't leave me satisfied in the end was seen as a type of insanity.

I returned to New York and began to write more.

And then the craziest thing happened.

People started reading. I mean, they were already reading, but it seemed to gather speed like an avalanche.

I posted a tirade about how depressed I was.

I posted details about Serena and Nadja. And I was getting more emails, more IMs, more 360 messages.

I wrote detailed accounts of my phone sessions with the always amazing Mistress Cassie.

I was getting questions from people – usually the same ones over and over. I posted a Q&A so these questions were answered (and unfortunately, it's so buried on my blog that new comers to the blankserena party seem to miss it and ask me those questions again)

I met Nikki. I met Isabella. I met Stagehand who was kind enough to ask me to do an interview which is strange to me. I'm just this chick from the Big Apple who likes to watch a spiral every so often, and there's an interview with me online. Weird.

I even started dating someone after Erik. A guy at my office. It was nice to not feel like this grotesque woman with this even more grotesque secret. He made me feel pretty again.

The more I wrote and the more people that read and responded, the more grounded I began to feel. I was still involving hypnosis in my life, but it wasn't all consuming.

And when I wrote about my first major awakening that I was a sex

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addict, about the gritty aspects of waking up the next morning to realize what you've done the night before – the response was overwhelming. I couldn't believe that people didn't just want to hear about some time I was so hypnotized that I thought I was some crazy, cigarette smoking British chick. They also were intrigued with The Other Side of it.

It was all going along quite well. Gliding on the air currents of confidence.

Then I allowed someone back in to my life.

He had a new flash program he wanted me to see and had used the right wording, the right sense of silky seduction to get me to open the door and let him in.

It was as if he had spent all this time creating a program just for me. It had images and things that pushed the right buttons. It pushed ME down the right corridors to rooms where he was waiting – rooms where I would sit and listen and absorb and obey and learn and go even deeper, deeper into what it was he wanted.

I now know what it must be like for someone to become enamored with a cult. Because I changed. And when he rejected me, I actually became more depressed than I had been in a long time. I actually thought about dying.

So the internet and I took some time off so we could see other people.

And the most incredible thing happened. Erik contacted me.

He had always been checking my blog to see what I was up to. He said he had tried to call me a dozen times but couldn't do it. He was never sure if it would be me or the English Serena on the other end.

We met up for coffee and then a dinner and then we started hanging out more and more.

And I continued to spend time away from the net – visiting every so often, popping my head in to make sure my page was still there.

And another crazy thing happened. People were still reading. And even crazier, new people were discovering it.

I don't know how word gets around about this page, I honestly don't. I know there were a few people on message boards awhile ago but...that was then. It's odd.

I went to London for a couple of weeks and had an amazing time with zero internet time.

While I was away, Nikki had created what can only be described as a bar-raising recording of hypnotic brainwashing perfection. If you haven't already, run faster than fast and get The Black Room – Prime Objective.

And Erik and I have become closer. Nothings official, no boyfriend/girlfriend paperwork has been signed yet, but things are good. And while I may have allowed myself to temporarily fall into the clutches of a familiar hypnotic rogue, I sit here the day after Christmas content with my place in the world,

So, how did this all begin?

Every year seems to be a struggle. And you know what? It should be.

Every year should be a struggle so you can sit on a day like today and look back at everything you HAD to go through in order to GET TO where you're SUPPOSED to be.

Would I trade anything that happened this year?

Yeah, a few things.

But it's done and all I can focus on is tomorrow and in a few days, the new year.

Much love

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Serena

said 8 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 11 Comments

This weekend...

There's a thing in Sex Addicts Anonymous called H.A.L.T. – Hungry, angry, lonely, tired. Those are some of the main factors that will be the trigger for someone to act out – to indulge themselves in their addictive behavior.

Saturday evening, around 5, I was home alone and feeling slightly anxious.

I was slightly tired and hadn't eaten since breakfast. Also, I didn't know if Erik was going to be coming over or not.

So I went to my computer.

I have a flash program someone posted recently that I downloaded. So I turned the lights off, put on the headphones and hit start.

I'm easily susceptible to this particular's hypnotist's work. Having spent a good portion over three days watching his programs a few months ago, basically I SHOULD'N'T be watching his stuff. (You can back and read the particular blog about what happened with him)

So there I was, in the dark, arms on the arm rests, feet firmly on the floor and I watched...and watched...spiral after spiral...flashing images after flashing images...sounds moving through my head and I was under the blanket of warm, powerful hypnosis.

I was happy. The happiest I had been in a long time. Was it a false happiness? I don't know. I felt so wonderful being in the presence of this hypnotist's world, and quite possibly his control. I felt, as I did months ago, a sense of protection and a sense of...I hate to say it, love. I know that this guy loves me and he cares about me.

And there I sat, happy,

Then it all went away.

The headphones were taken off me, the computer monitor was moved off to the side and it all went away.

I looked up to see Erik, standing over me. My head was spinning and I wasn't sure if I was dreaming or awake.

He said he had been there, watching me for about a half hour. He said at first he was intrigued to actually watch me in a hypnotic trance – eyes open. Then he watched the file a bit and said he didn't like what some of the messages were – he felt that it was totally taking advantage of me.

That's when it all blew up.

I started yelling at him, arguing that he had no right to interrupt me when I was undergoing hypnosis.

He countered with 'You mean brainwashing, don't you?!' he was pissed.

We continued to fight for about an hour.

In retrospect, I was in the wrong. I had gone back in to an area I shouldn't have in the first place. The last time I was there, I got my head so fucked up that I was willing to change my life forever for someone I hadn't even met. And if he had asked me, I would have done it.

I feel a little like someone who has undergone de-programming, and it hasn't quite taken effect.

I apologized to Erik and we talked a bit more about what I need to do to protect myself from going back to that dark place again.

I'm not out to bad mouth anyone (except myself) and I'm not out to whine. I just felt like keeping those who actually read these things in the 'know'.

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I'm still an addict. And it's hard for me to stay away from certain things.

I need to try harder.

Actually, I need to DO harder. (yeah, that's right...I just made a vague Star Wars reference)

said 8 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

(UPDATED) Nikki Fatale's Upcoming Recording

(UPDATE - just got word that Nikki has been giving out 8 minute samplers of the recording to those that are reallllly nice to her and post on her message board. So...what are you waiting for?)

As far as I know, it hasn't been released yet, but I was privy to get a sneak peek of Nikki Fatale's latest recording. You may have heard the teaser for **The Black Room** a few months back — a script that I wrote the basis for and Nikki (and her boy) added improving touches to.

Well, this newest file is the finalized version of **The Black Room** and let me tell you this — Nikki's recording is going to end up becoming the be-all of hypnosis/brainwashing recordings. This thing is amazing. It puts most of the other stuff I've got in my collection to shame. Actually, upon reflection, it's the queen of the castle.

While listening to it, I had even forgotten that I had written a good portion of it. What Nikki did was take it and make it her own and make it one of the most powerful, one of the most wonderfully lethal lessons in brainwashing.

And if you end that session and your head isn't buzzing with hypnotic delight...well...then...you're just silly.

So keep your eyes open at Hypnofantasy.com for when she releases it.

Trust me, and I'm not saying this in any post-hypnotic fashion, you WILL want this in your collection.

love

serena

said 8 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 10 Comments

Erik, meet Serena Part 3



(Did something I never thought I'd do — I recorded Erik's side of the story and typed it up for part 3. So I haven't cleaned up his grammar or swear words...it's just as he told it!)

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"I woke up and I was just really sleepy. I just was lying there for awhile. I got up and sat there, my head was spinning and it took me sec to just get my head together. I called for you and you didn't answer so I thought maybe you were on the couch or something just sleeping. I went out there and didn't see you. I went to the bathroom and it wasn't until I went to take a piss that I realized I was covered in goo. That kind of shocked me. I didn't even remember cumming."

"I was so tired I actually sat down to pee and after a long time sitting there I got up and jumped in the shower. That was when my head really started to clear and I realized that you probably weren't in the house. So I went back to the bedroom, put my clothes on and started thinking what you could have done."

"I was sitting on the couch and I turned the TV on. I thought maybe you'd gone up to the store or something. After about 45 minutes, I started to get worried because I was thinking about how you'd been acting. Like Serena. And it was when I started really thinking about how you were acting that I got turned on a bit by the whole thing. But I was still a little freaked out cause it wasn't like you were yourself. I put on shoes and headed outside."

"Once I was outside I realized that I had no clue where to start looking. I just walked. I went up to the grocery store by the subway and looked around, but you weren't there. I then headed back towards your place and just kept my eyes out. I remembered that there was that bar on the corner you took me once and you were surprised I wasn't uncomfortable cause it's a gay bar and you thought I'd be nervous or something. So for the hell of it, I walked up there."

"I remember looking around, there ere about ten people in there or something, and I almost didn't notice you sitting there. You had on a black jacket and you were still wearing those gloves. And you were sipping a martini and smoking. It wasn't like you. But it was you, if that makes any sense. I walked over real slow and you looked up at me with this look I will never forget. It was one of the sexiest fucking looks you'd ever given me, a little smile, you let out some smoke from your cigarette and said to me 'Hello, Erik. Glad to see you woke up.'"

"I sat down and said 'hello' and you motioned for the bartender to come over. She was this butch-looking woman and she looked at me like I was bothering you or something. You introduced me to her, I think her name was Juanita, and ordered me a beer. I also think she had a crush on you so if you were flirting with her before I showed up, I don't know. Any way, I didn't know what to say because you had totally taken over the situation and I felt really out of control, almost helpless to whatever the fuck was going on."

"So we had a drink and you kept talking to me about what had happened. 'Did you like it when I relaxed you?' you asked me. And you offered to do it again. I kept saying we should leave. You ordered yourself another drink and I asked how many you'd had. You said this was your fifth and I know how you are with liquor so I figured we should get you home. But what was crazy was that you seemed to NOT be drunk. You were really smooth and sober. And you kept smoking, not like you were in a rush, but you were pretty steady about it, which is weird cause when we would go to a party and you eventually did have a cigarette, that would be it – one cigarette, maybe two. But this was like...four or five, I don't know."

"Eventually I decided to take over and went over to the bar, got the tab and I paid it, my god your drinks were really expensive. Even for a little hole in the wall bar. I went over and said to you 'Let's go.' And you did that thing where you raise one of your eyebrows and you smirked at me. You collected your cigarettes, slipped them into your jacket and stood up. I expected you to be wobbly, but you seemed full in control."

"We walked outside and you immediately slipped your fingers into mine and I think that was one of the first times I really liked the

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way your gloves felt. Something about it was nice. So we walked back to your apartment, I had my keys so I had the spare you made me and we went back inside. Once that front door was closed, you had gone in first, I was right behind you – you spun around and pushed me up against the door. You wrapped your arms around my neck and kissed the hell out of me. It was really intense. Then you pulled away and said (and the whole time too, you're in your British accent) 'I'm going to relax you again, Erik.' And then you did the thing that kinda turned me on, but kinda freaked me out a bit. You grabbed my throat and squeezed a little, got this serious, serious look in your eye and pulled me close to you and you said 'and once I have you reallllly relaxed...I'm gonna fuck with your head so when you come you won't know what hit you.'

"At this point, my heart is pounding and I want to have sex with you but I'm creeped out cause you're in character or something. It was all very weird. So you grab my hand and we start going to the bedroom. You're leading me in there and something came over me and once we get to the bed, I kind of pushed it into it a bit and you spun around, a really sexy smile on your face and you looked as if you liked it. You took your jacket off and I was shocked all you had on underneath was your black bra and your gloves. We kept struggling back and forth. You kept trying to hypnotize me again, and I kept telling you to shut up. We kept kissing and undressing each other. "

"You didn't hypnotize me again but we had sex at it was one of the most, maybe one of the top intense sexual things I've ever had. And you had a cigarette and then said you were feeling sleepy. You told me to leave the room and I didn't want to. I told you I was tired and you were really pushing for me to get out. You were also slowing down, it was like all the alcohol was finally taking effect and you were slowing down. You just lay there for awhile and then you got up and put your headphones on for your ipod, scrolled around to some playlist – I remember you had to take off one of your gloves to do this cause it wouldn't register – it was kind of funny cause you seemed really frustrated that it wouldn't work. You hit play and lay down with the headphones and I watched you. You just got really heavy and I watched your body just became really relaxed. It almost didn't seem natural how relaxed you got and then you were asleep."

'I went to sleep, but I watched you for awhile. You looked really sweet and peaceful and in a spooky way, you kinda looked like yourself again. Even down to the fact that you were sleeping naked with gloves on.'

"In the morning I heard you moving and I looked over and saw you with a pained look on your face and you said 'Hey, sweetie.' In YOUR voice. I was out of it a bit and we talked for a bit and then you asked me what we did last night. We kind of went back and forth until I realized that you had no recollection of what happened. We went back to sleep for a bit and when we finally got around to getting our asses out of bed, we talked about it and you had not a clue what you did. I don't even think you believed me when I told you that you went up to the bar."

"I remember a few weeks later we were walking around in your neighborhood and we saw that chick from the bar opening up and she saw you and smiled and said 'Hi, Serena.' I don't think I've ever seen your face get that red."

And there you have it. I got myself really deep, brought out 'Serena', programmed her to do some things, then went out for a bit of an adventure, got hammered, and ended up forgetting the whole thing.

When Erik came back in to my life last month, we didn't really talk much about hypno (since it was one of the main factors for us breaking up – this night, in fact being the first in a few more incidents that spooked him) but as we got more and more comfortable with each other's company, he brought up this night

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and bits and pieces came flooding in. I'd look at him and ask him something "Didn't I get you naked on my bed and hypnotize you?" and he would nod. Then later I'd get an image "Was I wearing one of my business suits with only my black sating bra and panties and gloves underneath?" and he would nod.

This went on and finally I realized that this was like a little lost chapter in my hypno experiences and I should post it here.

So there you have it.

The night (and only night) that Erik met Serena.

said 8 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

Erik, meet Serena Part 2



(You should know this – this entire evening was almost forgotten by me until Erik reminded me about it a few weeks ago. Bit by bit, pieces have been coming back and the pieces that weren't have been filled in for me by Erik so some of this is from his point of view, which may seem like I'm writing in a different style or from a different perspective)

Erik had been on the couch, watching TV and waiting for my big entrance. He was flipping from an old movie to ESPN when the door to the bedroom opened. He looked up to see me, but not me.

He tells me that the way I carried myself was different – my posture, even down to the way I was looking at him. Then there was the fact that I was smoking. He knew I was a semi-social smoker, but to actually see me doing it in a private setting was somewhat shocking. I stared at him for a bit, and he began to get uncomfortable because I wasn't saying anything.

I took a sip of my wine and then another drag off my cigarette.

Finally, he broke the silence, "Hey, Axxxx." He said.

I smirked and responded "And who the hell is, Axxxx?"

He said it was shocking to hear an English accent coming out of my mouth. He'd heard me goofing around with accents, but he said that this one sounded so natural, it was as if I'd been speaking that way my whole life and in a way, he was right... Serena had been.) I slinked my way over to the couch and stood in front of Erik. He said I cocked my hip to one side and it reminded him of something a fashion model would do (Kate Moss WAS the visual foundation for Serena)

I took another drag from my cigarette and then gulped down the rest of my wine.

"Your name is Erik, yes?" I asked him.

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He nodded, smirked, thinking I was playing a game.

"I'm Serena."

"You are?"

"Yes. Serena Moss." I sat down next to him, curling my legs up on the couch. He eyed me up and down, the silky black catsuit catching his attention – I don't think he'd actually ever seen me in it before.

"I like your outfit." He said, still trying to be a smart ass.

"Thank you. It's comfortable. Easy to move in." We stared at each other for a few minutes, the silence (according to Erik) was eerie.

I was almost finished with my cigarette and I stood up, looked around the apartment. "Do you have anything to drink in here?"

I walked in to the kitchen, heard him say something about the fridge. I put my cigarette in the sink, the slight hiss as it hit a bit of water in it (ok, I don't know if that really happened, but it sounded cool) Opening the fridge I found beer. I took two bottles and using a trick I'd learned somewhere, took the caps off with the edge of the kitchen counter.

Walking back in to the living room, I saw Erik hadn't moved an inch. He was still sitting there, looking unsure, a smirk firmly planted on his face. I handed him a beer, sat down next to him again.

"So tell me about yourself, Erik. What is it you'd like to do tonight?" I asked. (Erik told me that there was a tone to this question he'd never heard from me before – a self-assuredness that was kind of stimulating)

He took a sip of his beer and looked at me. "Look, Axxxx, I'm not too sure about this. Maybe if we—"

"I don't know why you keep calling me, Axxxx, but you should stop. My name is Serena. Very simple and easy to remember." I sipped my beer and watched his jaw as it seemed to open a bit.

I set my beer down on the coffee table and moved closer to him. "You look tense. Am I making you tense?"

He shifted against my proximity. "You're weirding me out, yeah."

I smiled and my left arm slipped behind his head, the satin-ness of my glove brushing against the back of his neck. "Well, maybe you just need to relax." I tipped the beer he was holding up to his lips, knocked back a slug of it into his mouth. And as soon as that was swallowed, repeated the action.

I took the bottle from his hands, set it on the coffee table next to mine. "That's better." I said.

Before he could respond, my hands were already removing his shirt. He said something in protest, but I was shushing him. I slid my body across his, my legs straddling him and my arms wrapped around his neck. My face was inches away from him. "You don't talk, now. You just let me do the talking." I kissed him. Hard.

(Erik told me that it was that kiss that convinced him I was no longer myself. He said there was a force to that kiss that made him go from skeptical to accepting in seconds.)

I stood up and took his hand – helped him stand up. Then, with the two beers between my gloved fingers, and his hand in my other hand, I led everyone in to the bedroom.

The room was still dark and the street lights were shining through the horizontal blinds bathing the room in an almost purple-orange glow as street lights are prone to do. I sat him on the edge of the bed, then gave him his beer.

I raised my bottle and we clinked them together. "Drink up, Erik. We're going to have fun and help you relax."

He drank, as did I.

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I had actually finished my beer and set the empty bottle down. He was half way done, so I tilted it to his lips again, forcing him to drink up. Still not done, but not wanting to wait any more, I took his bottle and set it down.

"Stand up." I commanded. He did, still clueless as where we were going with all this. As he did I began to unbutton his pants.

He pushed my hands away. "What are you doing?" he said with a smile.

I pushed his hands away, and finished unbuttoning him and pulled his pants down – I could see his underwear contained an erection underneath. I looked at it, smiled and looked up at him. "I think you're complaining for the wrong reasons. Take your pants off all the way and lie down. Face down."

He did so, now more eager to go along with this.

I lit another cigarette, but seeing as there was no ashtray, I had to go to the kitchen and get a coffee cup to act as one. I returned to find him lying down on his stomach. He looked at me and shook his head. "This is crazy." He said.

"What's crazy?" I said, blowing out smoke.

"You don't really smoke, Axxxx. And the accent—"

"If you don't stop calling me Axxxx I'm going to not help you relax." As I said that, I caressed the inside of one of his thighs with my gloved fingers. He reacted. "And you do want to loosen up a bit, don't you?" He mumbled 'uh-huh' as my fingers began to explore.

I set the cigarette in the coffee cup and straddled him. I began to press my palms into his back muscles – pushing in to them over and over again. I could hear him moan. "My God, Erik, you certainly have tension built up. We need to let that go, don't we?"

Another mumbled 'uh-huh'.

I worked my way up to his shoulders and when I did, I leaned forward, my chest up against his back. I whispered into his ear. "Does this feel alright or do you want me to stop?"

"No...it's nice." He said. "But I know what you're doing."

I reached over, picked up the cigarette, took a drag and put it back in the cup. "You do? What am I doing?"

"You're going to hypnotize me."

I smiled. "No. I'm going to tell you what I like to do to relax. That's all."

I sat up and began to go to work on his shoulders. And as I did, my voice got softer, a little more lilting...

"One of the things I like to do before I go to sleep at night is imagine that I'm getting a massage like this...I like to imagine the fingers working out all of the stress in every...single...muscle...in my shoulders..."

He moaned as I pressed firmly on his shoulders.

"And in my mind, I imagine how relaxing it would be for someone to slowly take away all the tension in my back, working down...down...down into my lower back..." my hands did exactly as I was describing. This went on for awhile.

I got off Erik and then my hands began to lightly caress his legs. "Then, I imagine that someone is taking a feather to my legs... something light and wispy...moving down my legs...caressing them into a heavy, heavy...heavy state of relaxation...the feather moving up and down...but more down...down in to a heavy state of relaxation..." As this went on, I gently picked up one of his legs a few inches. It felt heavy like lead.

I moved up to his arms. "And then they take the feather and then move up from my shoulders down to my fingers tips." My fingers were tracing lines along his arms, down into each finger tip, slowly

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pressing on them as they reached them.

I did this for about fifteen minutes. Then, I straddled him again. Leaned forward and whispered in to his ear. "But my favorite part... the part that really sends me into a deep, relaxing slumber...is thinking what they do to my scalp..." y fingers ran through his hair, massaging circles into it. "I imagine someone's hands moving through my scalp, like they were applying shampoo, working itself into a thick, heavy, relaxing lather...I can almost hear the bubbles of shampoo popping, crackling in that soft seductive way as they do...the hands moving around and around...massaging relaxation into my head...in to my brain...more and more relaxed...down...deeper...it's so relaxing to imagine it...but not as relaxing as actually having it happen...wouldn't you say?"

He mumbled something. I got off him and stood next to his relaxed body.

"Erik, I'm going to roll you over o to your back. Do you understand?"

"..uh-huh..." I rolled him over and his body flopped onto his back, his arms landing on the bed like stones.

There was a little bit of my cigarette left. I took a final two drags and then stubbed it out. My hands wrapped around his underwear and pulled it off of him and now he lay there, naked and relaxed.

I got on top of him, his cock rubbing up against the silkiness of my catsuit. I stared at him for awhile. It was so easy, hypnotizing someone like Erik. I moved my hips. "does that feel good, Erik?"

He moaned. "Yes."

I continued moving my hips, the satin feel of the suit rubbing against his cock. "Do you want me to stop, Erik?"

"No...please don't..."

I stopped. "What is my name, Erik?"

"Serena."

"Good boy." I continued gyrating.

I kissed his chest. Then my one hand slipped down below, caressing his manhood.

Some of you will kill me for this, but I'm going to cut to the chase. Needless to say, I helped him achieve a climax and then proceeded to take him deeper in to trance.

He lay there, naked, deeply hypnotized, needing to be cleaned up.

I lit another cigarette and began to go through the closet. I needed something to wear over my catsuit. I found a ladies business suit, black and stylized. I slipped it on and all that showed of my 'brainwashing outfit' were the black gloves. I found a pair of boots – very simple and effective. Those went on as well.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked good.

I walked over to Erik. "Erik, I want you to begin counting backwards from three thousand. When you reach one, you will wake up. You will feel wonderful and relaxed and refreshed and so happy that I did this for you. Do you understand?"

He nodded.

"Such a good, good boy. Now...begin counting outloud."

He was whispering "...three thousand...two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine... two thousand, nine hundred and ninety - eight..."

I smiled and turned. I didn't want to be cooped up in here all night. I exited the apartment, not really concerned about how I would get back in. I went outside and looked around. I wanted to experience something. I wanted to see what the night had to offer. I took a deep drag on my cigarette, feeling that orgasmic wave tingle in my crotch. On the corner, down at the end of the block was a bar. I

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headed for it and walked off, leaving Erik in a calm, relaxed state to wake himself up.

I'd be back...or maybe he'd come find me...

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A Work Of Fiction by Blankserena



The fear was growing, getting stronger.

She couldn't move her arms and – even scarier – she didn't mind. Paralysis was enticing to her in this moment. This wonderful, sublime moment of surrender.

She was sprawled out within the confines of a reclining chair. It surrounded her body in a warm plushness that reminded her of when she was a child and wondered what it must have been like to sleep on a cloud. Her entire body reclined at an angle that, had it been tipped a bit more back, would have sent her to sleep. But she was on the brink. And as much as her mind, clouded in out-of-focus mirrors, wanted to give in and just sleep, there was something she had to continue doing.

She had to continue watching.

It was imperative that she not look away. Because if she did, if she managed to allow the thing she was looking at disappear, then she would fade away. At least that was what she had been told. And to increase the fear that was spreading like her relaxation, the ambiguity of what 'fade away' meant.

Did it mean sleep? Did it mean blankness? Even worse – did it mean death?

So, against the best effort of her eyelids to close, she continued to watch. The lines blurring as they moved around in an endless circle. A whirlpool that she was drowning into. – the center always just out of reach. She would physically reach for it – if her arms would only move, that is. But they wouldn't and neither would the rest of her body.

So she continued to do as she was told, as she wanted to be told – and just stare.

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Eventually, in the silence of the room, the voice returned. It didn't shock her out of her state – it was too soothing to do that. It dripped over her mind and body like a syrupy liquid. Warm to the touch and soothing to feel. The voice spoke, and she listened.

'And now that your body is as relaxed as it has ever been without being in a deep state of sleep, and now that you are unable to move even your eyes, the only thing you have left to keep you active is my voice.'

She heard these words, and as they moved through that hall of mirrors in her head, they found their destination – her subconscious.

'You continue to relax even more, even though you don't think it's possible. But it is, my dear. It is possible for your body to grow so heavy and numb that you may no longer be aware that it exists. You may see yourself as just a spirit, an entity, waiting for a body to inhabit. Because that is what you are becoming...an immaterial spirit that will float down the spiral – its black and white lines all that you can see...all that you want to see.'

She wanted to nod, or even to blink. But she couldn't. Her eyes stung and a single tear rolled down her cheek – not from sadness but from sheer exhaustion.

"Soon, you will hear numbers...these numbers will be the final stage of your relaxation. You will hear the number 5, and it will continue all the way down to the number 0. When you hear the number zero, you will finally be able to close your tired, drowsy eyes. And you will sink into the blackness, waiting to hear my voice guide you into a body to inhabit. This will be your new form and with it will come a new identity and new habits and new ways in which you live."

Waves of tingles rolled down her body and immediately, everything was a jumbled cacophony of feelings, thoughts, sensations... everything.

"Five...entering the final stages of detachment from your current body..."

Another tear fell down her cheek. She wanted to blink so badly.

"Four...sinking down, down, down...so relaxed and drowsy...you want to give in to the darkness...give in to the darkness..."

Her lids were beginning to close...drooping down.

"Three...give yourself in to the center of the spiral...allow yourself to go down...down...into the center...down...down..."

Her heart skipped a beat. The fear was gone. Now she was overcome with euphoria.

And her eyes drooped a bit more.

"Two...you're almost there, my dear...almost ready to float in the air and allow me to guide you to a new identity...give yourself to me more and more..."

It was as if she was moving forward, in to the center of the spiral. She was so happy. She swore that her lips curved into the slightest millimeter of a smile.

"One...you're almost there...almost in the darkness of the spiral's center...almost there...you want it to happen, don't you...yes you do...and you will let me take over and guide you the rest of the way...the old you is going away...going away..."

Her eyes got heavier...

"...going away..."

Heavier...

"...going away..."

Much heavier.

"Zero...sleep..."

A hand passed in front of her eyes as the lids slid closed. Then the hand pressed itself firmly against her forehead, moved her head around in a circle a bit and then...nothing...

She floated in the darkness, unsure of where she was now. It wasn't the real world. It was something else. A slipstream between conscious and unconscious.

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And she was happy.

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Virginia Madsen.



She's worn some sexy gloves.

She's had some sexy smoking scene.

And now...she talks about being hypnotized.

Someone was sweet enough to send me this link.

Check it out. I know I have...about 27 times this morning.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7bhHjg_F3Ww

said 7 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

For those that are just joining our program...

A quick update that I feel is necessary for those who are new to this blog.

1. I am not a domme. I do not trance people. I am not looking to be tranced.
2. Do not IM me and ask me to give you my triggers. If you want a trigger, then send me \$50. \$50 per trigger sounds fair. And if I get up to somewhere around \$5,000, then the next trigger is free.
3. Please, please, PLEASE (let me get what I want...lil Smiths joke for you) Please be sure that you've read more than just one entry on this blog. I know its asking some of you to do homework, but if you read my blog or at least read my interview <http://hypnosisaddiction.com/> you'll have a better understand of who I am and what I'm about.
4. Yes, my real name is NOT Serena. Yes, I have a part of me that IS Serena. There's also a Nadja, and Danielle. But I'm really (fill in real name here). Which leads me to...
5. I'm not giving out my real name, address, phone number, where I work, where I like to hang out in NYC or anything that crosses into personal info.
6. This is a big one: No. I do not have internet at home. If you need to ask why, then please read #3 above. So if I don't have internet at home then that must mean...
7. ...if you see me online, I am at work. Where I work. Where I get paid to work. So sometimes, and this is crazy, I have to...wait for it...work. So if I don't respond to you right away or you see me hop online for a sec, then hop off, that means I am busy. It doesn't

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mean I am ignoring you or that I'm, as one person so delicately put it recently in an IM I found waiting for me as I got back from the rest room, 'being a stuck-up bitch who thinks she's all that' and concluded with 'you're probably just a whore looking for attention'. That one was sweet. I told the guy he should write for Hallmark with sentimentality like that.

So, in closing...read all of the above, follow them, understand them and we're gonna get along great.

Otherwise...I gotta bring the pain! Now if I could just remember where I left my Pain-bringer...

Thanks, play safe, be safe, have fun.

Serena

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THE BLACK ROOM



Do you like hypnosis?

Do you like brainwashing?

Do you like the idea of being brainwashed through hypnosis?

Do you like the idea of submission?

Do you like the idea of warm, black velvet surrounding you and a beautiful woman seducing you down into the deepest level of trance you could ever possibly imagine?

Then enter The Black Room...you'll never be the same again...

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Happy New Year!!!!

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Hope everybody had a fun, safe New Year's and that 2009 will be nothing but positives for you all.

And there is absolutely NO reason for the accompanying picture...I just like the way Anne Hathaway looks in it. :D

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Just a big hello and update for everyone.

Last few weeks have been hard. Had a couple of treatments a few weeks ago.

The doctors said they felt that I wouldn't need the extensive amount of treatments that I was originally scheduled for.

Took a week off from that and went back for one more chemo treatment.

Something bothered the doctors.

They were in discussion that I was going to go back to having more treatments.

It's like winning the lottery...without money...or fame...or fun...yay...

And by the way, a private, secluded room in a hospital is such a fun place to wait...for six hours...it's awesome...no...really...

Anyway, I'm at work today for a few hours so I wanted to hop online for a couple of reasons:

1. Thank you for all of the IMs, emails and private messages. It really does help ease some of the discomfort I'm feeling these days.
2. I was writing a story for the Inraptured contest and just never had any time to finish it and I think the contest is over so I'm going to post it here in installments (it's gonna be a long one)
3. I'm going away this weekend to visit my family. I'll be gone for almost two weeks. So not a peep out of me so don't panic – I'm not off this mortal coil, I'm just with my folks...who are still on this mortal coil.

So thank you again and I hope all of you are well and playing and experiencing life in the fullest, yet safe way as possible.

Much, much love

Serena

said 5 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 0 Comments

Gonna be gone from the net next week

I start my treatment next week so I'm taking the week off work.

Treatment. Yay. Fun. Like a water park. Without any slides. Or water.

Anyway, just wanted you to know that I won't be online so don't take any non-responses personally.

That's all

much love

serena

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Things that are making me happy these days...

Things that are making me happy...

Your wonderful emails and IMs

The new U2 album

Battlestar Galactica AND Lost (Holy crap are they good this season)

Oh...and these pictures I saw this morning...me...ow...thank you Ms. Hathaway

[IMG] <http://www.annahathawayfan.com/gallery/displayimage.php?pid=33567&fullsize=1> [/IMG]

[IMG] <http://annahathawayfan.com/gallery/displayimage.php?pid=33568&fullsize=1> [/IMG]

Health-wise, I'm tired and not looking forward to having to go and have treatment next week. But they think it won't have to be anything too intensive as they think they have gotten most of the 'C' out.

On a funny note, one of the possible alternatives to treatment suggested to me was...wait for it..Image Therapy or (as it was described to me) 'Kind of like meditation or hypnosis.'

If they only knew.

said 6 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 6 Comments

Hello everyone.

For over a month now I've been having a pain in my shoulder blade, sometimes seeping up into my shoulder. It feels like something at a muscular level. Sometimes it's throbbing; sometimes it's just achy, other times it shoots pain.

The pain eventually moved into my upper arm.

The pain originated in an area that I could not reach personally or see – a blind spot, if you will. I had Erik look at it and he said he couldn't see anything odd about my shoulder blade.

I ended up going to the doctor for him to check it out. Upon his inspection, he said that he felt something underneath the skin.

With my medical history, he immediately got me an appointment with a specialist and I went the next morning. While there, the specialist became concerned and performed what he called an emergency biopsy – two words that are the opposite of fun.

He then sent what he removed to be tested ASAP.

I've had some headaches and my immune system has been low as of late so he was concerned.

The bad news is that the tests came back positive and it is, indeed, 'C' (I don't even want to type the word).

The "good" news is that at this point, nothing is known.

We have to do more tests to see if anything has spread, and to see how much therapy needs to be done (if any).

The bottom line is this – I don't know what's going to happen.

It could be something.

It could be nothing.

I just don't know.

I debated about posting this but I've gotten so many IMs and emails in the past couple of weeks and haven't responded that I felt really bad about it. I just wanted to keep everyone in the loop.

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I'm going to do my best to keep my head above the water line and move ahead.

I will continue to try and write for this site.

I will continue to try and post information as I find out.

I will continue to do my best to be the same Serena you've come to know (and hopefully love a little)

So there you have it.

Much love

Serena

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CANDY JONES



CANDY JONES

Do you know the story of Candy Jones?

No?

Candy Jones was a pin-up model in the 1950's. Had a very interesting life. In 1972, she married radio show host John Nebel who, after they were married, noticed some strange behavior his wife was exhibiting – personality changes. Extreme changes. One minute she would be sweet, adorable and kind, the next she would be threatening to strangle him (sometimes actually doing it while he slept).

Nebel had dabbled in hypnosis and offered to hypnotize his new bride. She said she was doubtful it would work but let him go try his hand at her subconscious.

Not only did she go under, but she achieved a deep level of hypnosis that is rarely found. Once under, a side of her emerged that called herself Arlene.

It was then that Candy (as Arlene) began to tell Nebel how she came to be...

(from wikipedia)

So, was she a victim of extreme brainwashing and mind control?

Was she an actual Manchurian Candidate?

We'll never truly know as Candy passed away a few years ago and all records of the MK Ultra program are either shredded, disappeared or the ones that have been released seem to have met the sad fate of having wrestled with a black marker.

Here are some links that detail Candy and her life better than I can. (You'll also see where I 'borrowed' the above picture from – who looks, to me, a little like Gillian Anderson...hmmm...would this make a good movie script starring Ms. Anderson? Or Charlize Theron? Or, actually, upon second glance, the picture looks a bit like Anne Hathaway. OK, now we're talking!)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Candy_Jones

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<http://www.hypnotism.org/Candy.htm>

http://www.mysteriouspeople.com/Candy_Jones.htm

<http://www.damninteresting.com/?p=480>

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 4

PART FOUR – JULIA

Julia's hands made smoothing circles along Nina's face. Nina was fully reclined now, staring up above at the pretty crystal chandelier that turned around very slowly. The lights from within shot out specks of blue, specks of red, specks of yellow.

Nina almost felt paralyzed, numb. And the motion of Julia's hands were relaxing. But not as relaxing as Julia's soft voice.

When she was a student at University in Russia, she took a class on psychology. Her professor, a man not gifted with looks, but gifted with a powerful voice and a charisma about him, showed his class a demonstration of hypnosis. After making one of his students forget the number '6', Julia felt as though she had received a message from the heavens – that somehow, somewhere in there, she had to be involved with hypnosis.

She pushed aside her selfish tendencies to only go after good-looking men, and came on to her professor. She coaxed him in to teaching her about hypnosis and all of its applications. She always felt there was more that he wasn't telling her and through the use of female persuasion, he confessed to her that he had spent some time working with the KGB and their counter-intelligence programs. He was the one who oversaw the brainwashing of a captured American agent.

He described to Julia in full detail, the use of certain drugs, the use of certain conditioning techniques, how to trick a hypnotized person into letting their defenses down. He even told her of how they used a Russian prostitute to have sex with him while he was under deep hypnosis, and that, remarkably, they found sexuality was the key to total brainwashing. After months of pain inducing, it was the simple pleasure of endorphins that caused the man to totally give in.

It was a July evening in his cottage, away from the main university's grounds and surrounded by quiet forest, that Julia tried her hand and hypnosis. Her voice was naturally soothing, a soft tone like a velvet whisper. She had studied the cadences he used when he had taken her under (she, in fact, quite enjoyed being hypnotized and had allowed Mary Jane to take her under from time to time, always awakening with no memory of what transpired, but the strongest hunch that she had been used sexually but had enjoyed it).

Once she had her professor under, she seemed to go on instinct and just somehow knew how to take him even deeper. Eventually, after an hour and twenty minutes of continual deepening techniques, she saw he could not move and was even barely hanging on to consciousness. She asked him where he kept the keys to his cabinet in his office.

He resisted.

She retaliated by stroking him while intoning in such a playful voice, "Such a strong will you have...such a strong will that is keeping you from totally letting go...and you'd like to let go and tell me...everything...wouldn't you?"

Upon retrieving the key (hidden underneath his desk) she unlocked the cabinet and removed the small vial of sodium pentothal. She felt

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deliciously evil as she had him describe how to prepare an injection and how to direct the subject into a highly suggestible state with the drug.

She kept him locked up in his cottage, drugged and hypnotized for three days.

When he emerged for classes, he was refreshed and felt absolutely in love with this woman whom he had spent this wonderful weekend with. All he could think about were the long walks they took in the forest, down by the lake. The nights spent with in-depth conversations about the books they loved. He thought about the dinners they cooked. The afternoon out on the lake in a rustic boat, the wood cracked and paint chipping. They joked that they didn't even know if it would float – but float it did as it carried them out, lazily, on the lake and its soothing motions.

As he walked in to his class that morning, he was ready to spend the rest of his life with this woman. He was going to ask Julia to marry him.

He dismissed class early, telling them that it was too beautiful a day to spend in a class room. Puzzled, the student left one by one, until only Julia remained. The professor called her to him and she walked slowly, deliberately.

"My love, I cannot tell you how life changing you have been." He exclaimed.

If you only knew, she thought.

"I have to do this, or my heart will burst with excitement...Julia...my love...will you be my wife?" he asked, the biggest smile on his face, reaching out to this amazing woman.

She stepped close to him, her face never registering an expression. "No," she said.

He was shocked. "B-but...why not? This weekend...the love we shared...I..."

Her tone shifted to stern, a hint of cruelty. "This weekend you spent showing me that I am much more powerful than you could ever have known. This weekend you spent out of consciousness, out of reality. You told me everything you know about hypnosis and brainwashing. This weekend, I became the teacher and you became the pawn. This weekend, you became nothing to me."

The man began to cry. His hands were shaking. "This...this is not true. This can't be true. We did all of—"

"I made you think these things. I don't love you. I used you. I needed information from you and you gave it all to me," she got really close to him "all of it."

His face drained of blood. Somehow, he knew what she meant. He knew things about high-ranking officials of government that he was not supposed to. And if she knew that, if she had access to that information—

"Please...tell me you're not going to use that information." He fell to his knees. "I am begging you. A grown man on his knees begging you to not—"

She snapped her finger and held up three fingers. His arms fell to his sides. He stared at her fingers. She counted, lowering a finger with each count. "Three, two, one."

His jaw went slack.

"Now listen to me, teacher," her said in a condescending tone "I don't love you. And that is going to make you very, very sad, isn't it?"

He shivered as he responded "Yes."

"Then you have to do something about that. You have to do something with all of that sadness." She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips "That is the kiss good-bye."

She turned, grabbed her bag and left the room.

The next day, as she was planning to leave for Moscow, her friend Ilya called her to tell her that their professor had leapt to his death from the top of the university building. Julia feigned sadness and tears, but as she hung up, she knew the power she possessed. It took patience to

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get someone to that point, and that was something she had.

Years later, in this room, stroking Nina's cheeks, Julia looked down in to the glassy eyes of her subject. Watching her eventual descent into submission was almost better than an orgasm.

"You can let it all go, Nina...you can let it all go...because I...am your friend...and you know I am...you and I have spent soooo much time together...working alongside one another...helping one another...slowly letting it all go because I...am...your friend...your friend...your friend...your friend..."

Nina spoke, her voice a bare whisper "...friend..."

The breakthrough Julia was looking for,

"Yessss...such a wonderful feeling, isn't it? To know that I am your friend and that I am here to help you understand...friend...friend...friend..."

"...my friend..." Nina said in a way that almost made it seem like a question.

Julia couldn't help but smile. She leaned forward and kissed Nina on the forehead. "That is the kiss good-bye, Nina. The kiss good-bye to your doubts, to your worries...to who you were...and lets go explore you will be...together...as friends..."

Nina lightly gasped, as if she was feeling something sexual. "Friends." She said clearly as the pretty red and blue and yellow lights twirled around and around – the sounds of crystals lightly tapping amongst one another.

Julia continued stroking Nina's cheeks...

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 3

PART THREE – LIVING IN A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

It was a world of spinning and turning...swirling lights and wavy configurations...never-ending patterns that rolled around and around and ended up where they began again, so they could start their pattern again, taking Nina along with it. She was suspended in air, lost in a space or sub-space, floating in a slipstream of colors that constantly changed – always the same set, red into orange into yellow into blue into red again...it was soothing, calming....something to rely on in this psychedelic world of randomness.

In front of her naked body, a new pattern emerged. It was black and white lines, wavy, squiggly. Slowly turning counter-clockwise, then clockwise, then back. Eventually it settled in its movement and began to spin around and around and around...she felt her tingling body being pulled towards it.

A wave of happiness and ecstasy – not of a sexual kind but of pure joy – washed over her, crashing down on her scalp and dripping down to her toes.

This was where she wanted to be. She wanted to go into the center of this black and white whirlpool in front of her. Someone, instinctively, she knew that this was where she should be, where she would find her place.

As she got closer, she marveled at the enormity of the whirlpool – she thought it was only a few feet wide, but as she came closer to the center, it towered over like a skyscraper. And the larger it got, the more ecstatic she got. She outstretched her arms, ready to embrace the dark center, hoping it would envelope her like a soft blanket on the coldest of nights. Her eyes began to glisten with tears.

She moved closer...closer...closer...

"Wake up, Nina." The woman's voice said.

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Nine stood her ascent into blackness...looked around.

"Ninaaaa...wake up..." now slightly sing-songy.

Then an odor, stinging, painful...

"Nina, wake up!"

The world around her filled with static, cold and grey and then her head was jostled around...

Mary Jane removed the VR Goggles from Nina's limp head. Julia was to Nina's right, holding the smelling salt just under Nina's nose. Nina sat upright, struggling against her bonds. She glared at Mary Jane. "You took it away from me!"

"What's that?" Mary Jane asked, a smug smile on her face.

"You know damn well what! You took away the spiral from me! You took away the spiral!!!" And it was at this moment Nina realized what she was saying. She calmed herself immediately and realized what Mary Jane was doing.

It was the exact thing Nina had done herself a dozen times. You get the subject drugged, in a hypnotic state and feed their brain with imagery, eventually creating a dependency on the hypnosis and (more importantly) the hypnotist who will then in turn feed into this addiction with intense brainwashing.

Nina smirked. "You see, unlike most of the other people we've brought here, the problem is that I know exactly what you're doing."

She looked over at Julia who was throwing the smelling salt away, walking to small sink in the room and washing her hands.

"And I know exactly how the two of you are going to play off one another. I know the routine. I know how we do this."

Julia dried her hands. "Actually, we have come up with alternate method for you. You are a special case, Nina. It requires us to have different tact in our brainwashing methods."

Mary Jane spoke up. "And don't think for a second that we're NOT going to use your knowledge against you. I mean, the addiction process usually doesn't happen until the second or third day, depending on the subject. But, and this will no doubt come as a shock...you haven't even been here for more than twenty-four hours."

This did make Nina's heart sink. Mary Jane's next statement echoed her concerns.

"So think about it, Nina...think about how mad you were at me for taking whatever was in the center of that spiral away from you... think about how angry you were and how badly you want to get back there. Even if your face doesn't display it right now, your mind is got it going on an endless loop. You want to get back to that deep level of hypnosis...you want to...you need to..."

Nina stared ahead, her resolve slowly crumbling away with Mary Jane's words.

"It was beautiful." Nina said.

"It was, wasn't it?" Mary Jane began to stroke Nina's hair. Nina didn't fight. "And I can take you back there. But first, we need to change some things in your mind..." she ran her fingernails along Nina's scalp causing Nina's eyes to close momentarily "...in your brain..."

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And out of nowhere, Nina's will came back. "No!" she struggled against her straps with every ounce of strength. "This is ridiculous! GET ME OUT OF HERE!!!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Julia walked over, hands on her hips, shaking her head "Tsk-tsk-tsk...this is not good behavior. I think that perhaps you need to spend a little more time asleep."

The puncture of another syringe, this time along her shoulder blade, made her jump and Julia began to become cloudy and distant. Nina could barely make out Julia's face, merely inches away from her own.

And when Julia spoke, she lowered voice in to a much more soothing timbre. "And now, Nina...you and I are going to spend some time together...and all you have to do is sit there...and listen..."

Nina's jaw relaxed, her lips parted and she just stared... helplessly...

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 2

PART TWO – A CRYSTALLINE START

It was like being hit in the head twice – the sudden jolt of being awake, followed by the sudden jolt of dried sinuses and sore throat. Nina's eyelids were so heavy that she had to use every single bit of will to lift them. When she did, she thought she'd lost her sight – the room was darkened, exception being a small, red light in the corner of the room.

After all of this sank in, she tried to move – she was lying down – but she knew she had to get on her feet and move, just to get away from wherever it was she was at. As the numbness in her body slid away, she realized she was strapped down. To a bed. She was strapped down to a bed – cloth straps across her shins, her thighs, her stomach, over her arms, and her chest.

And she realized had been stripped down in her bra and panties. Panic swept over her like a too-cool breeze.

She went to speak, her voice dry and hoarse. "Hello?"

She could hear footsteps. Someone was approaching. The footsteps were light – a woman's.

Nina's heart raced faster as the woman got closer and closer and a door opened off to her left.

"Hello?" Nina said timidly, unsure if this silhouette was her savior or her captor. But when the silky voice slid through the darkness, Nina knew exactly who it was.

"Welcome back to the world, Nina." Mary Jane said, stepping into the darkness. As she did, the room's light slowly began to come to life – at a slow rate as not to give the subject (in this case, Nina) full awareness of her surroundings.

"Mary Jane, I want answers now! What the hell is going on?" Nina demanded, mustering every bit of domineering strength she could in this moment.

Mary Jane made her way to a chair on the other side of the room, rolling it over to Nina's right side. "I have to say, I'm impressed that the drug effected you to the point that you didn't even know where you were." She sat down, smoothing out her skirt.

"I'm in the house." Nina replied.

"Yes."

"What did you give me? Rohypnol?"

"You know I did. One minute you were sipping your wine on my couch, and the next, you were slack-jawed and willing to follow me. I could have begun your re-education right there and then, but I needed you in more...controlled surroundings. Hence, the house." Mary Jane traced a finger nail along Nina's thigh. Small bump appeared at her touch.

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"Mary Jane, listen to me...I don't know why you're doing this, but we can talk about this. You don't have to do anything drastic. Or worse, permanent." Nina was doing her best to hold on to some form of control.

"Nina, dear, you do realize that these are things I've heard before. And if these words never moved me in the past, why would they move me now? Besides, your behavior during our last brainwash left a bad taste in our mouths and we feel its necessary that you are restructured a bit."

"Our mouths'?" Nina inquired.

"Yes." Julia had entered the room, unbeknownst to Nina. She smiled, taking a place, kneeling next to Nina's left side. "We do what we do because the world requires it, Nina. Not because you do. And to be honest with you, you've been a little bit big for your britches." Her Russian accent rolled the R's as she spoke.

Nina noticed that Julia had her hands behind her back. She was trying to see what the Russian was hiding. "What do you have?"

"Hm?" Julia responded playfully.

"What do you have behind your back? What are you going to do?" Nina was now struggling as best as she could.

Julia smiled, so innocently. And she leaned close to Nina, the smell of Julia's perfume and traces of smoke lingering in Nina's nose. "I'm not going to do anything."

And it was at that moment, when Nina was distracted, that Mary Jane inserted the syringe into Nina's arm and plunged its contents into her blood stream. Nina gasped at the pin prick and glared at Mary Jane. "What the hell did you just DO!"

"That's it, Nina. Scream, struggle, put up a fight. Speed your heart rate up and get that drug moving through your body faster and faster..."

Nina's terrified eyes began to go glassy, her breathing slowing down...

"...faster and faster..."

Nina started at Mary Jane who was becoming blurry, then clear again, then blurry.

"...slower...slower...more and more relaxed and comfortable..."

Nina swallowed, the last remnants of clear thought hanging on to the edge of the cliff in her mind, digging their finger nails into the dirt "...what did you...what did you give..."

"What I inject you with was a slightly watered-down version of scopolamine. This amount's going to start making you very dizzy in a minute. You'll feel drowsy and dizzy and not know what to do. Do I'm telling you Nina, what you need to do is look..." she pointed over to Julia who was now revealing what she hid behind her back – a beautiful crystal pendant, twirling on a thin, black thread. A single spot behind Nina was aimed directly on to the crystal – light danced across the room and in to Nina's eyes.

Nina stared at it and managed to speak "...no...don't, please...don't change me...don't brain...wash me..."

She couldn't look away from the crystal...under the influence of the drug, it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

"Sshhhh, Nina...let go...let go and relax...it's the only thing you can do." Mary Jane's lips were inches away from Nina's left ear, her voice but a whisper.

As Nina stared at the crystal, the light shooting in to her eyes like strobed laser blasts, she could feel Mary Jane's voice and presence drift away into the surrounding darkness. With her last bit of free will, she let hopelessness consume her mind for the briefest of seconds.

And as the scopolamine penetrated every fiber of her being, one tear rolled down her cheek as she knew she would never be the same after this...

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THE NARROW LEDGE



It's a narrow ledge that I stand upon
 Looking down into the unknown, the dark
 His voice reaches out from the shadows
 A whisper
 A touch of velvet against my cheek
 It soothes me
 Caresses me into numbness
 And with my body non-existent
 With my body nothing but pins and needles
 He massages my mind
 I am slipping away
 And he makes it feel so good
 I am sinking into dark waters of relaxation
 I am washing my body and brain in his pool
 It soothes me
 And when he speaks, I give in
 And when he speaks, I listen
 And when he speaks, I understand
 And when he speaks, I process
 And when he speaks, I obey
 I am changing
 A metamorphosis instigated with the mildest of words
 With the spin of a black and white set of circles
 I am sinking into its center
 Forever going away
 Excited
 Scared
 Frightened
 Sad to be leaving
 But knowing I will emerge like the butterfly from the cocoon
 New
 Black

Sleek

Shiny

Deadly

Different

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 1

(I was going to try and enter this in the Inraptured contest recently but my treatments kept me from writing. Also, this was an idea I wanted to give to Anton Videos a long time ago, but didn't feel like paying to have a custom video made. I figured it would sell like hotcakes regardless if I paid them or not. So, I figured I'd just get the story out there. If you're familiar with Anton Video, you know what Nina and Mary Jane look like. Julia is my own creation. Enjoy :))

PART ONE – THE SWEET CHALLENGE

It was a weekly lunch, without fail. The two of them would meet and discuss the world they inhabited – a world only the two of them truly knew about.

Mary Jane was a little more experienced in this world, than Julia. Mary Jane was introduced to this world about eight years ago through a series of mishaps with a therapist. He had found she was quite susceptible to hypnosis but when he tried to push her subconscious into areas she didn't want to go, she rebelled. And, as if acting on some kind of mysterious instinct, turned the tables and hypnotized the therapist so deeply that when she left his office, he was on the floor crying for forgiveness. Ever since then, Mary Jane felt that the ability to control a mind through simply her voice and choice of words was her god given gift.

Julia, she had met through a friend. Julia was the opposite of Mary Jane, not only in mood and behavior, but looks as well. While Mary Jane's hair was a deep black and her eyes were a mystical green, Julia's hair was bright blond, her face pale, her eyes crystal blue. She had the slightest hint of a Russian accent, as it was casually leaving her the more time she had spent in the states.

While a student in Russia, Julia had become fascinated with a professor who used hypnosis on a fellow student, making that student forget the number '6' and then their own name. Julia became her professor's protégé. He showed her how one could induce a trance and with the right phrases, take that person into such a deep state of relaxation that the blanket of protection that surrounded their mind would slowly slip away, falling to the floor of their brain, allowing the hypnotist full range of control.

It was common knowledge in hypnosis circles – full brainwashing and mind control WAS possible through hypnosis. There was a tremendous dis-information act that had happened in the last twenty years or so "Mind control ISN'T possible through hypnosis as all hypnosis is self-hypnosis." But those in the experienced circles knew the truth – you get someone in a deep enough trance, you can get them to be a different person, have them act out on suggestions they wouldn't normally, and even more impressively, they could easily be made to forget it ever happened.

Mary Jane and Julia had met at a hypnosis seminar and Julia just seemed to know that Mary Jane was on the same wavelength as her. They were both interested in pushing the walls of boundaries and seeing how far they could go with hypnotic mind control.

They formed a group (if you could call two people a group) where they would meet regularly and pick a subject – most of the time someone they knew – and would decide how they were going to "rearrange" this person. It could be months of planning and then, when the moment was right, they would seduce said 'victim' into a situation where they would be away from everyone for the weekend or a full week and the three of them would go off to a house Mary Jane had in the Hamptons on the beach and away from everyone else.

It was in this gorgeous piece of architecture (which Mary Jane obtained through a wealthy business man who now lives his life with no prior knowledge of having ever owned this home) that they would break this person down, then build them up again. Sometimes sex would be involved; sometimes something illegal would be involved. But all in all,

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it was simply to establish one thing – control over another person. Julia and Mary Jane would take turns seducing the person down in to trance, bringing them to a point where they didn't even know they were in existence, and once they were completely blank, the rebuilding process would begin.

This afternoon, Julia and Mary Jane met at the same café they had been doing so for the last year and a half. It was time for the biggest leap ahead in their time of mind manipulating. Mary Jane spoke the words that sent Julia aback a bit: "We need to brainwash someone and make them one of us."

Julia stared at Mary Jane for some time, her smile deliciously wicked. "Why would we do this?" Julia asked. "Why would we want to add someone to what we do?"

"Because it is the ultimate act of rebellion in this world of what hypnosis is supposedly not able to do. It is the way we can say, 'Yes, we will take someone and we will turn them into one of us, and when we're done, we have one more force to be reckoned with.'" Mary Jane leaned back in her chair, folded her fingers in one another.

Julia nodded, taking this in. But she knew Mary Jane well enough that she most likely had this worked out in much more detail than she was letting on. "You have someone in mind, don't you? Someone you'd like to do this to?"

Mary Jane smiled, lit a cigarette and stared at Julia for a few seconds before giving her the answer. "Nina."

As that name sunk in, Mary Jane enjoyed watching Julia's lips slowly curl up into a smile.

"Why her?" Julia asked.

"She's one of us. And the only reason she's not here at this lunch is because of what happened with our last subject."

Julia knew exactly where she was taking this.

"She tried to take over. She tried to be the alpha on this and you know as well as I do...there is no alpha. There's one entity and it's made up of you and I. So, maybe we need to do something. A lesson in discipline."

Nina was clean-living, wholesome. She didn't drink alcohol. She didn't smoke. She was hard-working and didn't even like to sit still for a moment to relax. But she was as experienced in brainwashing and hypnosis as Julia and Mary Jane. It would be a challenge.

But a sweet one at that.

And the more Julia thought about it, the more she wanted to say only one thing to Mary Jane, which she did, taking a cigarette from the pack and lighting it.

"It's perfect."

And with that, the plan was set in to motion.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 8

PART EIGHT – THE IRONY OF IT ALL

Mary Jane inhaled deeply, blew the smoke off to the side – Julia couldn't look away from the tip of the cigarette. It drew her in. But her jaw seemed to tense, clench up. Mary Jane noticed that Julia's left hand was balled up in a fist.

She stood, waving the cigarette back and forth – Julia's eyes following it, the rising smoke a beautiful pattern to her struggling mind.

"It's so much fun to fight it, isn't it my dear?"

Julia's eyes became sad "...y-yes..." she responded.

Mary Jane stood two feet away from Julia, moving the cigarette back and forth...back and forth...slowly...methodically...the smoke rising from the tip...clear and white...Julia watched it...her left hand trembling from tension.

Mary Jane turned the cigarette around and brought the filter up to Julia's lips. "Have a smoke, Julia."

Julia's lips resisted. Mary Jane laughed to herself, moving her face close to Julia's, making her voice a powerful whisper...

"Smoking helps you relax." And as this phrase floated in the air like the smoke, Julia's lips curled around the cigarette and she took a deep drag – and as the smoke entered her lungs, her legs buckled. Mary Jane helped ease her down to the couch and she sat there catatonic, staring in to space – secretly, subconsciously craving another hit off that cigarette for the waves of relaxation and pleasure it brought her were more addicting than any nicotine or drug – it was all hypnotic. And that was all that mattered.

Mary Jane sat down next to Julia, stroked her hair with her free hand. "I have to admit to you, dear Julia...there is a part of me that feels bad about this. My intention when I first implanted those post-hypnotic suggestions was not to control you, but to merely have fun with you." She took a drag on the cigarette, then moved it to Julia's hypnotized lips – Julia took a hit and her body sank deeper in to the couch, her mind becoming more obedient.

Mary Jane continued, "I've had you under hypnosis more than you'll ever remember. The moment of a powerful woman such as yourself, surrendering to me because of nothing more than words, little white picket fences in your mind that I put there...it's the most stimulating thing in the world."

As she spoke, she continued to bring the cigarette up to Julia, letting her take drags every so often – Julia's head was swimming with nicotine and hypnosis.

"I talked about the irony of Nina's recording being the thing that most likely pushed her over the edge...but the fact of the matter is, that the most ironic thing about anything going on here...is the fact that I'm punishing Nina for doing exactly the things I do myself. I guess I'm hoping to find some kind of absolution in it all...something to forgive me for my sins..." she looks at Julia as she took another drag "but I

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don't think its going to happen. I'm too in love with the sin, Julia."

Mary Jane took the final drag off the cigarette and stubbed it out in an ashtray. She then stood up, exhaling and looking back down at the hypnotized, programmed Russian woman beneath her.

"Right now, I'm going to see if Nina is ready for the next phase of her brainwashing. You're going to lie all the way down on the couch and close your eyes and have a little nap. When you awake, you'll remember coming down the stairs, having a chat with me and then taking a nap. You won't remember any of what we talked about. You won't remember any of this. And for that, I'm truly sorry. I wish there was a way for you to get pay back...but I don't think it would do us any good. So...close your eyes and sleep."

Julia's rag doll body slipped in to a lying position and she closed here eyes and in seconds, her breathing was deep and synchronized – the breathing of a conditioned subject.

Mary Jane walked into the office, The First Room.

Nina was strapped to a chair, her arms firmly in place on the arm rests, her legs slightly spread as they were strapped by the ankles. On her head were the VR goggles.

On the computer, Mary Jane could see the images that were penetrating Nina's mind – images of women smoking, one after the other, quickly pulsing by, a low droning noise that moved in circles like a low, bass-driven wave. A voice was speaking through the headphones "I love smoking...smoking helps me relax...I need to smoke...I want to smoke...smoking makes me feel sexy...smoking makes me relax...I am addicted to smoking...I want to smoke..." over and over, its pattern hard to follow, and if one tried to follow it, they would get lost in all over again, leaving themselves with no choice other than to give in and listen and accept.

Mary Jane glances down, noticing that the spot between Nina's legs was damp with arousal. The treatment was working.

Nina had been strapped here, goggles on, for about six hours. Mary Jane moved the mouse to the appropriate screen on the computer and clicked the program off – the silence was deafening to Nina, who – still in a drugged, hypnotic state – almost gasped as the voices and images left her.

Mary Jane removed the goggles somewhat forcefully. Nina's eyes were red and dry. She looked up at Mary Jane, her expression one of absolute exhaustion.

"What is your name?" Mary Jane, looking down at Nina from an angle that made her look domineering.

Nina responded, her voice raspy "Nina..."

"And what do you do?"

"I obey."

"That's a good girl." As Mary Jane said that, Nina's eyes closed because she felt a penetrating tingle in her crotch, proof that the constant re-enforcing techniques had taken effect. "Now, Nina...do you want a cigarette?"

Nina went to respond, but nothing came out. She looked up at Mary Jane as if her head had cleared of the dust and cobwebs. She was defiant in her response. "No."

Mary Jane's eyes widened – anger and frustration.

Nina smiled, it was all coming back to her. Who she was, what she had been exposed to for the last few days. She couldn't believe it herself.

Mary Jane stormed over the cabinet that contained the hypnotic drugs. She ran her finger across the massive selection, coming to a drug she rarely used: a combination of scopolamine and sodium pentothal. She filled the syringe.

"It's not working, Mary Jane...you can't break me..." Nina said, her voice coming back through the rasp.

Mary Jane turned to Nina, syringe extended, squirting some of the liquid through the needle to clear it for air bubbles. "Nina, I think it's only best if we get you prepped for the final phase of your

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brainwashing...I think it's time that you go straight to The Third Room."

As she injected Nina and the drug took effect, she swore she could hear Nina barely chuckle as her eyes closed and she began to mumble incoherently.

Mary Jane was determined that this was going to do the trick.

Nina was bypassing the second room and going straight to third room – The Black Room.

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 7

PART SEVEN – THREE FLICKS OF A LIGHTER

Julia stretched herself awake, a sense of contentment spilling over her body. She ran her left hand along the satin sheets, feeling its cool smoothness against her palm. After a moment she took a deep breath and felt wide awake and sat up.

She went in to the bathroom, washed her face, looked at her reflection. Today she felt such a wonderful sense of confidence, a wonderful sense of sexuality and was happy with who she was and was happy with what they were doing with Nina.

She also wanted a cigarette.

For the briefest of seconds, she thought it was odd. She really only smoked when drinking or around Mary Jane, but she just...wanted one.

That doubt went away as quick as it arrived, replaced by the need for a cigarette, even stronger than it had been a second ago. As if it were a ritual or habit, she walked to her dresser, opened the top drawer and took out the pack of cigarettes that she rarely touched.

Placing the cigarette in between her fingers, that feeling of the paper on her skin, it was almost as erotically charged as her palm against the satin sheets. Her mind flashed back to an event she, Nina and Mary Jane attended, doing reconnaissance on a potential subject.

Mary Jane wore a stunning dark green cocktail dress. Nina wore a long, slender blue gown. Julia wore a black gown with long black satin gloves. Her mind flashed to the moment that evening where she stood out on the balcony with Mary Jane while she spoke to Julia. Julia couldn't remember what she said. She remembered taking a cigarette between her gloved fingers and thinking it was the most amazing feeling she had ever experienced.

And then when she smoked, looking in to Mary Jane's green eyes...the rest was hazy. Julia chalked it up to her desire for that cigarette.

Standing out on the balcony of her room which overlooked the private beach, she lit her cigarette, taking it in and feeling this intense wave of contentment and the slightest bit of orgasmic pleasure. She took another drag and just found herself feeling so wonderful...

...wonderful...

It was word that kept coming in to her mind. A word she never really used.

But Mary Jane did. In her inductions, to be precise.

She took another drag – wonderful and a tingle in her crotch.

As she exhaled the smoke she began to feel a yearning inside of her.

But with it, came a buzzing – not from the nicotine, but from her conscious mind. Something wasn't right.

She finished her cigarette and went back inside, got dressed and decided to check on Mary Jane and Nina.

She took another drag, and then feeling of arousal increased...she went to toss the cigarette...she took another drag...then another...another...she turned and went directly to her bed, removed her robe and lay down, her hand moving down below in order to ease that need for pleasure...

Julia was walking down the stairs, wondering what room Nina was in at this point in her conditioning.

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There were three rooms that they used for brainwashing a subject.

The first room was a standard home office. It had lights that could be dimmed, two computers for easy access to flash programs, mp3s and visual stimulation. The VR goggles were in this room, as well as the closet that contained all of their hypnotic paraphernalia – crystals, a motorized spiral, Nina's prized mirror.

There was door that led to the second room.

This room was used for the subject to rest – a nice, warm room (the warmth was vital in keeping the subject in a drowsy state) – there was a plush recliner that the subject would be strapped down to, and as they slept (if they slept) headphones were placed on their head with endless loops would play in their ears and attach themselves to their minds like barnacle on to a ship.

It was this second room that was a good indicator of where the subject was at in their conditioning.

If the subject sat there in a calm, compliant manner, accepting the suggestions without question, the group knew they could move them to the final, third room.

If the subject became agitated and struggled in their stay in the second room, they were treated to another round of hypnotic drugs and intense visual inductions – one after the other. Taking the subject down, shocking them awake, then taking them back down into trance.

The third room—

"Good morning, Julia." Mary Jane was in one of the chairs in the massive living room. She was lying back, her hands folded on her stomach, eyes closed.

Julia came to the end of the stairs and walked to Mary Jane, standing over her with a hand on her hip.

Mary Jane opened her eyes to see Julia's brow furrowed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"You hypnotized me last night, didn't you?" Julia asked.

Mary Jane feigned innocence. "What? Why do you say that?"

"I woke up wanting a cigarette. I never want a cigarette in the morning."

"Maybe you just wanted one this morning. It happens. Just let it." Mary Jane closed her eyes again.

Julia wasn't satisfied. "When did you do it?" she shifted her tone, it was more authoritative. And Mary Jane caught on to it. She opened her eyes and sat up, pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them.

"Last night, just after I started Nina's induction – I used the very same one she recorded for subjects on herself. The irony of it all was fitting. She sat there, while I massaged her temples, and I watched her face go blank and slack. And as I watched it, my mind flashed back to everything we'd been putting her through these last three days and I needed an outlet. So I went up to your room, acted a trigger word and got my relief. You enjoyed yourself and I planted a few things for you to mull over in twilight."

Julia's pale face began to turn red. "And you've done it before, haven't you?"

Mary Jane shrugged.

"You're so casual about it! You've been playing with my head and you're so casual about the whole thing!" Julia's tone was getting louder.

"Julia, sweetie, the minute you asked me to hypnotize you all those months ago, you had to have known that it was a possibility that I would poke around the dark recesses of your mind and maybe leave a bear trap or two for safe keeping." Mary Jane moved to the edge of the seat, removing a cigarette from a black box and picking up a lighter.

Julia remembered that first time. She wanted Mary Jane to take her under for two reasons: one, she was having trouble letting go of emotional issues for the first time in a long time – and two, there was a sense of danger by having Mary Jane hypnotize her, and it was exciting. She remembered that thrill of sinking down into black, dreamless

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sleep, all on the silk thread of Mary Jane's voice.

She wondered how many times Mary Jane had taken advantage of her, put her under and had her way with her physically and mentally.

Mary Jane noticed Julia's mind drifting off, she brought the cigarette up to her lips, held the light two inches away from the tip and spoke. "Of course, it would be easier to just forget about the whole thing, wouldn't it?" She flicked the lighter one once, twice and a final third time.

Seeing the lighter flame spark three times triggered a reaction in Julia's face – so subtle, yet noticeable. Her face muscles went slack, her lips slightly parted. And then as Mary Jane brought the lighter up to the tip of the cigarette, Julia's eyes went to it and the orange glow seemed to solidify her trance.

Once again, Mary Jane had her under.

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 6

PART SIX – WRINGING OUT THE SPONGE

"You can be relaxed. Deeply relaxed and calm. You can be still and passive and there is nothing in the world that will bother you. All you have to do is breathe...and listen...breathe...and listen...breathing in...in...holding...hold that breath...and exhale...sloooooowly...and relaxing more and more...it feels so good to breathe, doesn't it? Breathing is a mechanism that reminds us that we are alive...and you are very much alive...alive and relaxed...and it feels so good to be in such a wonderful, blissful state...so wonderful and joyful to be alive and relaxed...relaxed...joyful...joyful..."

"So joyful that you are alive and calm...and passive...you can feel your body sinking down even deeper with every word I say...every sound, every syllable that enters through your ears caresses your mind...caresses your thoughts...you are calm...and content...and that is exactly where you want to be...here...with me...listening...and absorbing...a sponge that is taking in water...water that is you...you are the water...and the water is you...and you are absorbing it all...taking it in...in...in...breathing in...in...deeper and deeper...absorbing...absorbing...holding your breath...in...hold...hold...hold...exhale...and...relaaaaaxxxx..."

"Your mind like a sponge, now filled with everything about you...who you are...the things you like...the things you crave...the things you desire...your past...your history...your entire being is in that sponge now...see it in your mind...the sponge is lightly colored...a beige...or a gray...and there are drops of water, quietly dripping out of it...parts of you dripping away...disappearing in to the black that surrounds the sponge...dripping away...and you are so joyful to be here that you don't mind that parts of you are leaving...parts of you are dripping away...it doesn't matter..."

"Relaxing more and more...sinking more and more...and as you stare ahead...seeing yourself in the mirror...you can feel the weight of your head, of your brain, increase with the more your sponge holds...the more your sponge holds...the more weight you can feel...it's heavy, isn't it? So heavy...you're holding so much in there...so much inside your sponge...feel the weight in your neck, but you must keep your head upright...you can't look away and you cannot lower your head...you must keep your head up...keep looking at your reflection...as the weight of your sponge gets heavier and heavier...soooo heavy...heavier and heavier...heavier and heavier...you may even feel your neck muscles tightening...quivering under the weight...and you cannot move...you can't move a muscle, but just sit there...under the weight of your own personality...and history...and of all the things that you think are important to you...weighing you down now...heavier than they ever have in your entire life...soooo heavy..."

"And this weight is becoming unbearable...and your neck is hurting...your body is aching...the weight is too much...and you want something, anything that relieve you of the pressure of your own identity...your heavy, heavy identity...you want help to relieve it...anything at all...you do want anything at all to help you relieve this pain, don't you?"

Yes! She gasped, eyes filled with tears, neck muscles trembling.

...yahoo.com/.../FUXQ6ZEXNIG5I...

"Then I am going to reach inside your mind and ring out that heavy sponge...heavy like a stone...I will reach inside and ring that sponge out and all that you are will simply drip away, like water down a drain, never to be seen or heard from again...do you want that?"

She didn't answer.

"Do you want me relieve the pressure of that stone in your mind?"

She hesitated, the fractions of free will fighting a losing battle. Please... she said.

"Then I am going to count backwards from 5 to 1...and you will see my hands reaching in to your mind with each number...and when I reach the number 1, I will ring all of the water out of that heavy sponge...five... see my hands...reaching, reaching...four...closer, see my fingers... three...closer to the heavy sponge...a heavy stone filled with water... two...I am touching the sponge...wrapping my fingers around the sponge which looks exactly...like...your...brain...one...I am wringing it out of all the water..."

Tears flowed down her cheeks, she smiled, gasping once...again... again...again...and then...nothing...blank...docile...

"Thaaaaaat's it...so calm now...so serene and calm as you feel all of your identity drain away...and you feel so wonderful...don't you?"

She nodded, her mouth agape, eyes glassy and wet.

"So good to feel so empty...and now...we are going to fill you up again...but it won't be so heavy this time...as long as you listen...to what I say...listen...listen...listen...listen..."

The voice faded away.

Nina, or rather the shell of Nina, sat there, limp, yet at attention.

Mary Jane saw the playlist had ended and she removed the headphones. Setting them down on the table she took a deep breath, calming herself. She had just come back downstairs, leaving a slumbering Julia to dream and forget about what had just transpired. Julia would wake happy and satisfied.

Mary Jane walked to the other side of the room, lowering the spot light that had illuminated Nina's face for the last three hours. Nina was in darkness now.

Mary Jane's silhouette hovered in the doorway, staring at the blank slate before her. "Nina...can you hear me?" she asked.

"...unh..." was all Nina could respond with.

Mary Jane nodded, this was a normal reaction...the drug, after prolonged exposure to the nervous system, could create various degrees of paralysis in certain muscles...also, Nina had just been through two days of on/off drug-assisted hypnosis...her kidneys would need a good flush. Mary Jane made a mental note to have Nina drink nothing but water as she was at the tail end of her session.

Mary Jane walked towards Nina, in the darkness, it must have looked as though she was a shadow, gliding through the dark. "Nina...I am your conscience...I am the voice inside your head...and I am going to help fill up your sponge again...but it won't be heavy this time...it will be light...and comfortable...and it will be the new you...do you understand?"

Nina nodded, a slight droplet of drool began to creep over her lower lip.

Mary Jane played with Nina's hair, her fingernails lightly scratching the scalp. "We're going to fill this pretty little mind of yours...with new thoughts...new ideas...new behaviors...and when you are filled up... you are going to love the new you..." She kissed the back of Nina's neck. "...almost as much as I am going to love the new you."

She lightly brushed her fingers down Nina's forehead, slowly over her eyes. "Shhh...close your eyes...you're tired...so tired...go to sleep... and until you hear my voice again...you will not awaken...shhh... sleep...sleep...sleep..."

Nina's eyes closed and the woman in front of her (her own reflection) went way in to the black...

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 5

PART FIVE – THE MIRROR

Nina felt like it had been weeks – which actually meant it had only been a day or two. That was what their subjects usually said when asked how long they thought they'd been in captivity. And now she sat there, her mind slightly groggy, that thin layer of mist that dangles in ones mind when they've been subjected to deep levels of drug-assisted hypnosis.

Mary Jane sat across from her, legs crossed, elbow resting on a table, hand on cheek. She watched Nina and Nina felt unnerved by the gaze. A combination of emotions raced through her – anger, sadness, embarrassment, guilt...arousal...

Mary Jane reached in to her form-fitting designer jacket and removed a small, sleek, black cigarette case. She removed a cigarette, offered the case to Nina.

Nina stared at it and made a face of disgust.

Mary Jane smiled and lit her cigarette, exhaling up in towards the ceiling. "How are you feeling, Nina?" she asked, calm as could be.

Nina sighed, eventually looking up at Mary Jane. "Why are you doing this?" she asked. "What is it you hope to gain?"

Mary Jane inhaled on the cigarette and cocked her head slightly. "How...are you feeling...Nina?" she asked again.

Nina shook her head. "No...I'm not going to play your game."

Mary Jane leaned forward and offered a cigarette to Nina again. Nina's eyes filled with rage and she glared at her. "I don't want a cigarette!!!"

Mary Jane smiled and chuckled to herself. "You will."

"Why? Why do you want to brainwash me? Why do you want me to smoke? What is it going to give you, Mary Jane? What is it going to do for you and your esteem? Huh!? Is it going to make you feel like the one in charge? And after me, what's next? Julia? Are you going to drug her some day and then run her through the ringer? HUH!??" Nina's voice was raised and the instant she realized it, she cleared her throat and sat up straight.

A moment of silence followed. Mary Jane smoked, Nina stared straight ahead.

"Nina...when the three of us formed this union, there were two of us that understood the aspect of that. Understood that without the effort of all three of us, we fail. That there is no darker purpose for what we do. To take a man and break him down until his mind is malleable as a piece of clay, and then to mold that clay to your own desires...there is no greater achievement. Oh, yes, man can fly to the moon and conquer other countries. But it is not man that has accomplished what we have. No. It's woman. Men have tried for years to accomplish what we have. But they could never think outside the confines that are their own minds. We can and have." Mary Jane sat in silence, smoking.

She watched Nina, trying to process everything Mary Jane had just said – trying to make sense of it all.

"I overstepped my bounds? Is that what you're saying?" Nina asked.

"You not only overstepped them, you broke the cardinal rule – no individuality in this union. None."

Nina laughed. "You make it sound like a cult. You make it sound like we're the brainwashed ones."

Mary Jane finished her cigarette, stood and walked to the other side of the room. "No. Not all of us are." She moved a small table in front of Nina and then headed for an open door which lead to a closet. She reached inside the closet and took out an object, about three feet by three feet, covered by a grey cloth.

She set the object on the table, adjusting something from behind the object, propping it up.

Nina knew in an instant what this was. She glared at Mary Jane. "Don't you touch that! Don't you dare touch that! It's mine! MINE!!!"

Mary Jane removed the cloth and Nina was staring at herself.

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She used the mirror as one of the techniques to break the subject. She would get the subject in such a drugged, eyes-open hypnotic state that they would be almost zombified. Nina would have them stare at their reflection for hours on end, all the while listening to a recording Nina had made that was one part induction / one part mind eraser.

She would temporarily erase who this person was – stripping it away and making it disappear into the velvety black confines of their mind.

And when they were an empty shell, she would build them back up again – a construction of such complexity that it could have only been created by a devious mind. In this construction, she basically built a shell that looked exactly like the person the subject saw in the mirror. But this empty shell, while having the physical attributes of person, would be a blank slate – a blinking cursor, waiting for commands.

Then she would enter the picture (or one of the other two) and add personality traits, memories, habits, etc.

This process took up to twenty-four hours. It was usually the half way mark of the brainwashing.

Nina stared at herself and watched the tears begin to flow. "Why are you doing this?"

Mary Jane moved alongside Nina and kissed her on the cheek. Nina tried to pull away, but her bonds prohibited her from doing so. Mary Jane grabbed Nina's face, turning it to her and spoke in a low, direct tone that somehow managed to remain soothing. "I am going to break your fucking will, break your mind down until you are a mess...and you will beg me to build you up. You will beg me to recreate you. And I will make you an entirely new person and you will loooooove who you are going to become. And you know how I will know you're mine?" She reached into her jacket, removed the cigarettes. "You'll not only want one of these, you will crave them...you will crave them like an orgasm."

Mary Jane kissed Nina on the lips, lingering there, allowing it to become more passionate. Nina began to give in, but then pulled back. Mary Jane laughed to herself. "A Judas kiss." She said and walked to the cabinet on the wall.

She turned around with a syringe, filling it with a clear liquid. Nina was struggling, hopelessly.

The needle punctured her skin and gasped.

As Nina tried to calm herself, hoping to prolong the drug's effects, Mary Jane came back with a small patch which she slapped on Nina's arm. "What is..." her head began to tingle "...what is that?" Nina slurred...

"A nicotine patch. Might as well get your system used to it." Mary Jane then placed a pair of headphones on Nina's head and turned her head towards the mirror. She pressed play on the computer and lowered the lights. A small, low spotlight illuminated Nina's face as Mary Jane's fingers made circles on her temples.

Nina was drifting down into a drug-induced trance and that was when she heard a voice coming through the headphones – her own voice.

"You've been injected with a powerful narcotic...it is used placing people into a highly suggestible state...sometimes it can be accompanied with hallucinations...sometime so real and so severe that the subject may suffer panic attacks...anxiety...fear..."

Upon hearing these words, Nina's heartbeat began to race, and she did indeed, feel panic...until the voice (hers) said the following...

"But I'm not going to let anything happen to you...as long as you listen to what I have to say...and do exactly as I tell you...I'm going to take care of you...for a very, very, verrrry loooong time...and you will learn to use my voice as a lifeline...something to help you through this time..."

Mary Jane continued to massage Nina's temples, watching her entranced face in the mirror. After awhile, she couldn't hold it in any more...she stopped massaging Nina's temples and took a step back, slipping ah and between her thighs.

She checked the time on the computer – the playlist for this portion of trance was set for three hours.

Three hours.

Julia was asleep in her bedroom, bathed in black satin sheets.

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Mary Jane entered, the light from the open door falling upon Julia's pale face. The light woke Julia, she opened her eyes, seeing her partner there in front of her.

"What is it? Is everything alright?" She propped herself up on an elbow.

Mary Jane slowly sauntered over. "Nina's in the beginning stages of mirror training."

Julia nodded. "Oh...okay...are you okay?"

Mary Jane sat down on the bed. She didn't like what she was about to do, but it was too much for her to handle. "Julia?" she asked.

"yes?"

Mary Jane leaned close. "The China Doll sleeps deeply."

Upon hearing these words, Julia's eyes rolled up in to her head and she sank down into black satin. Mary Jane pulled back the sheets to reveal Julia's nakedness. Her hands explored every area, and soon, she was kissing Julia's body.

Eventually, they lay in bed together, naked, bodies rubbing against one another – both in one form of trance or the other...

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MK-Ultra, CIA Mind Control & Brain Washing to Make Assassins

Older youtube video, but a good one for (re)educational purposes :)

MK-Ultra, CIA Mind Control & Brain Washing to Make Assassins

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So Yahoo 360 is shutting down! What to do!



Well...howabout that? 360 going bye bye.

I have to decide if I'm going to carry on this blog via their new 'profile blog' format or maybe some other way.

I would recommend copying and pasting anything you like from this blog just to be safe. Come July 12th (or whenever it is) there may be no more Blankserena's blog.

Kinda sad.

What to do...

much love

Serena

ps - yeah, yeah, I know..a woman with my health issues posting a picture of smoking...it was just too hot to pass up!

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BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!!! Nina - Chapters 11 and 12

PART ELEVEN – FEMME FATALE

Julia's hands were in her lap. Her head was tilted to the left, her mouth slightly open. She floated on the sounds of the waves coming in from the outside. Her pale skin in the natural light of day made her look like a porcelain doll.

Asleeping doll.

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BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!!! Nina - Chapters 11 and 12

LAST TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA

THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 10

THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 9

The woman entered the room and sat down next to Julia like a whisper. She stared at Julia for awhile, brushing some of the strands of blonde hair from her face. She smiled at the sleeping Russian beauty.

"My, sweet, sweet Julia. You're such a good relaxed girl. Can you hear me?" the woman asked.

Julia stirred, then answered, her voice an almost murmur. "Yes...I can hear you..."

"Good...Julia, do you remember the rules of Lesson Black 27?" the woman asked in a casual manner.

Julia's brow furrowed and then relaxed. She spoke. "The rule states that the harmony of this union can only exist if all members agree to work together."

The woman smiled. "Spoken like a good student, Julia."

Julia sighed. "Thank you."

"So you know why Nina had to be re-processed, don't you?" she asked.

Julia thought, then relaxed. "Yes..."

"Good. I think you're the strongest link in the union. You don't fully question and you comply...you are good at being brainwashed, aren't you?"

And as if something had been triggered, Julia responded. "Brainwashing is good for me...I love to be brainwashed..."

The woman ran her palm across Julia's forehead, smoothing it out. "That's right, my darling. So why don't you just repeat that to yourself over and over until I tell you to stop...begin..."

Julia whispered to herself "Brainwashing is good for me...I love to be brainwashed...brainwashing is good for me...I love to be brainwashed..."

The woman stood, looked around the spacious living room. She never tired to be marveled at the house she had acquired.

Then she looked off into the direction of the Second Room. It was time to check on Mary Jane.

She walked in to the room, looking down at Mary Jane – her dark beauty, as the woman liked to refer to her. Mary Jane was reclined; her one arm that had been holding a cigarette moments before, hanging off of the chair, the other nestled on the arm rest, strapped down. Her breathing was slow and relaxed.

The woman stared at Mary Jane mouth – Her lips were slightly parted – she had the most gorgeous lips. She leaned forward, touching them with her index finger. She brought her finger up to her own mouth, licking it – she could taste the remnants of lipstick and cigarettes.

It was funny to her that when she first met Mary Jane, she wasn't much of a smoker. But with the right prodding and mental reconstructing, Mary Jane was addicted to it and even equated aspects of smoking to hypnosis and brainwashing. Maybe Mary Jane couldn't understand it on a conscious level, but somewhere in the recesses of her mind, it all made sense.

"Mary Jane, I am going to count from 3 to 1...at the count of 1 you will open your eyes but remain in trance. 3...2...1..."

Mary Jane's lids slid up revealing her sparkling green eyes, completely entranced. She stared straight forward, her mind trying to process what she saw –

"Your vision is blurry. You cannot make out what is around you. You can only sit and listen."

Mary Jane's vision went out of focus and she became intent on listening...

"You have to listen to what I'm about to tell you, Mary Jane...it is the most important thing you will ever, EVER hear in your entire life...do you understand?"

Blankly, Mary Jane responded. "Yes, I understand."

"Good...you have to be re-brainwashed, Mary Jane...you have done

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things that could break the union...and that is NOT acceptable...you have been a very, very bad girl...and you have to be punished, Mary Jane...you have to be made to understand that what you did was wrong...and you feel bad about it...your heart breaks when you think about it...you have been...bad..."

Mary Jane's blank eyes began to water.

"You are going to be lost to the world for awhile...you are going to be re-educated, Mary Jane...so I want you to absorb this because soon you will have your eyes closed and your mind open..."

She pulled the VR goggles down from their shelf behind the chair and placed it over Mary Jane's head. She strapped down Mary Jane's other hand and then activated an icon on the desktop of the computer – it was labeled 'Brainwash Extreme'.

The woman didn't even fully remember what images and sounds were penetrating Mary Jane's mind at this moment. Only that in 11 hours, Mary Jane would be totally reformed.

She turns to the door leading to The Black Room...Nina...

The woman walked in to The Black Room.

Nina's body was stiff and rigid – a sign that she had completed her Black Room training. The woman undid Nina's straps, stepped back – "Stand up." She said.

Nina's body loosened, she sat up, turned her body and stood up – almost robotically. And thus began the line of questioning...

"What is your name?"

"Nina."

"Who do you serve?"

"The Union."

"What do you do for The Union?"

"Process and brainwash others. I obey The Union."

"Do you resist at all?"

"No. I unable to do so."

"Good...do you smoke?"

There was a pause – she was curious to see if Mary Jane's tampering had done anything to Nina and her psyche. Nina finally responded.

"Yes...I smoke...I love to smoke...smoking helps me relax...smoking makes me look sexy...smok—"

"Quiet." She said and Nina's mouth closed. "Nina, I want you to look at me."

Nina turned to look...at...at – her face filled with a wave of confusion and fright.

The woman sensed this, "Relax, and look straight ahead. Obey."

Nina did as she was told.

"Nina, you are to exit this room. You will find your way upstairs. You will find a room with a symbol on the door...a rectangle with a circle inside of it...you are to go in to that room and you will lie down and sleep until I awake you. Do you understand?"

"I understand." She answered.

"Good. Now go."

Nina exited The Black Room, leaving the woman alone in her thoughts...back to when all of this started coming together...

PART TWELVE – THE LUNCH

It was a weekly lunch, without fail. The three of them would meet and discuss the world they inhabited – a world only the three of them truly knew about.

Julia looked at her wine glass – it was empty. She motioned for a waiter to refill it, but they all seemed to have gone. Mary Jane lifted a cigarette to her lips and lit it, then offered a cigarette from her case to Nina.

Nina looked at it for a second, almost as if she would refuse it – but

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graciously accepted one of the black one and leaned over while Mary Jane ignited it.

"I have to say, I'm quite thrilled that we were able to pick such a wonderful subject for our next session." Mary Jane said.

Nina exhaled a stream of smoke and nodded, taking a moment to look at the cigarette in her hand – she was still getting used to it, but it was so right and she loved to smoke. It made her feel sexy and relaxed. "He was a challenge, but so worth it."

Julia leaned back in the chair, happy and content with the world. "I think I enjoyed the process of breaking down his resistance by having him chant to himself over and over. That was superb to use his own mind against him."

"It was, Julia," Mary Jane said, "a very good call indeed." She reached down in to her purse at her feet and removed two small boxes, each with a satiny bow firmly placed on top. She pushed one box to Julia, the other to Nina. "A small token of my appreciation for all of the hard work the two of you do for this Union."

Julia leaned forward, kissed Mary Jane on the cheeks, and then, for no real reason whatsoever, kissed her on the lips with passion. The surprise she felt went away instantly. She sat down and opened the gift. It was a beautiful pair of gloves – leather and up to the elbow. She slid one of them on, feeling a wave of intense relaxation go through her arm. She giggled a bit, feeling slightly drunk. She slid the other glove on and modeled them for the other two.

"Open yours, Nina." She said.

Nina removed the bow and looked at the small, rectangular box with a small dot on the top of it. She opened it and inside was a thin, black cylinder. It took her a second but she removed it, slid the black cigarette in to the tip and held her brand new cigarette holder. "I feel a bit like Audrey Hepburn." She said. She took a drag and as the smoke went in to her lungs, she could feel her head spin and her body tingle and float.

"I want one too." Julia said, taking a cigarette from the case, holding it in her gloved fingers and lighting with Mary Jane's lighter.

"This is a beautiful day," Mary Jane said, "and it'll be this beautiful for a long time to come." She raised her glass, the others did the same – Julia frowning at her empty wine glass. As if by magic, Julia suddenly noticed that there was a bottle on the table. She took it and filled her glass.

"Cheers." Nina said

"Za vashe zdorovye." Julia said

They clinked glasses and drank, basking in the warm sunlight of their favorite restaurant where they met once a week...

Serena watched the three unsuspecting women sitting at the patio table on the deck at the beach house. She loved watching them hallucinate this weekly lunch, imagining that they were in some fancy New York café, sitting outside and enjoying the sounds and textures that come with such a place. The wine was actually fruit juice, lightly laced with a hypnotic. Their fancy clothes were nothing more than sweats and t-shirts – but the gloves were real, Serena had to see her girls in gloves from time to time.

Julia looked delicious in her leather gloves. It was decided that it was time to start changing Julia up a bit, bringing more of an edge to her and her character. Maybe a new haircut, something shorter and choppier. She would be exhibiting more of a dominant behavior in the months to come. She would also, by Serena's predictions, start moving in to place as the leader of the Union.

Nina, because of Mary Jane's prompting, was already changed. Something in Mary Jane's brain felt that desire to change Nina into a mirror image of herself. So now, Nina was a smoker, but also someone who would be more compliant. When Mary Jane seemed to act on her own on this, Serena felt it best to sit back and watch what unfolded. And she only intervened when she saw the possibility for self-destruction through Mary Jane's actions. It was there and then she set it up for Julia to discover she was being used.

And she was there in The Black Room, feeding ideas in to Julia's mind. For a moment, she thought Nina could actually see her, but the conditioning was too strong.

She was there when Julia sat staring out the window on the couch at the waves, bringing the sensation and need to sleep to Julia's mind.

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She was there with the clove cigarette, making Mary Jane's need to smoke take her deeper in to trance.

These were changed women.

Serena almost couldn't even remember who these women were before she had spent so much time taking apart their minds and recreating them in to the people she wanted them to be. Julia had been a co-worker, sweet and seemingly innocent. There had been an attraction to Julia from the get go and Serena was impressed with how soothing her voice had been – a perfect weapon for a hypnotist.

They spent a weekend together, just as friends, in a cabin in upstate New York. It was there that Serena drugged Julia and spent the entire weekend regressing her to birth and re-creating a life for her – her youth in Russia, growing up, going to University, her 'affair' with her professor, coming to America and meeting Mary Jane.

Mary Jane.

Serena had met her at a Goth club in the city. Mary Jane fancied herself as a domineering hypnotist. Serena kept her laughter to herself but when they got alone together that night in a back room, and Mary Jane began her induction, Serena could see that she was indeed powerful.

But Serena had been at this game and had more experience than Mary Jane, so turning the tables was never an issue. By the end of the night, Mary Jane had pleased Serena, given her vital personal information and not remembered any of it. Except that she was going to have this driving force in the back of her brain to contact Serena and start seeing her more and more.

It was around this time that Serena had acquired the beach home through her brainwashing of a Wall Street type. She brought Mary Jane here and through a use of drugs and the VR goggles, she brainwashed Mary Jane to the point that she thought she had come in to contact with a stage hypnotist named Nikki Fatale and that she had been her apprentice. She even used the crystal pendant on her to make sure that image was strong in her mind.

All an elaborate ruse to establish a connection with Mary Jane.

Serena had found a site online that had fetish videos. She had seen someone in a series of fake hypnosis videos and Serena became enamored with this one actress – Nina. Serena got so obsessed that she even questioned her sanity a bit but had begun an email dialogue with Nina and found out Nina would be coming to New York soon.

They were going to meet up for dinner.

Serena went to her hotel room in Times Square. Nina was even more beautiful in person. They sat on a couch in her hotel room, sipping wine. And it was in Nina's glass that Serena had put a few droplets of scopolamine. Soon, Nina was slack and receptive to Serena's suggestions. She listened to every single question she was asked, and answered willingly, without hesitation.

At the end of the night, she was programmed to go back to California, sell all of her things and move to the Big Apple.

Once she was with Serena at the beach house, The Black Room had been created and was to be used as the premiere device to completely strip away Nina's personality and change her.

Once the three of them had been programmed, Serena used them in her never-ending quest to hypnotize and brainwash her way up in to the world. The first time she used them was in her apartment in Manhattan. She had met the man earlier in the evening at a night club – a well-to-do business man who only wanted sex. After taking him back to the apartment and lighting the candles, she induced a medium-level trance state on the man. Then she brought the women in and there they worked the man over mentally and physically until by the end of the week (when he most likely had lost his job for not showing up) he was going to work for them – investing money into surefire accounts that would double their cash flow.

The reason they could do these things were because of the men they brainwashed.

And whenever Serena needed to re-center the women, she used that evening as a starting point – making the memory as fresh as day in their minds. They would recall that night as being their most recent conquest.

She walked around the table, studying the movements and actions of these three women. And the beautiful part of it all was that they could not see her – she had found a way to erase herself visually. And if they

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heard her voice, it would be as if it were their own thoughts.

She was going to be going in to the city tonight, trying to find a new mind to play with so she would have to keep the women busy – either by creating another hallucinated scenario or maybe just have them sleep until she returned with the latest victim.

She had created the perfect, brainwashed puppets – walking around in a constant state of hypnosis, yet wide awake for the rest of the world.

Able to respond to a suggestion without question.

Able to seduce and break down any man (or any woman) Serena brought to the beach house.

And more importantly these women were happy in this life.

Or at least...they had been brainwashed to be.

THE END

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LAST TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA

The final chapters for The Brainwashing Of Nina are posted over at Inraptured in their story section. Please check them out and let me know what you think.

It's probably best if you read it as a whole.

If people can't or don't want to go to Inraptured, I'll post them here.

Thank to all of those you have read it and thanks to all the nice comments.

Hope you enjoy the ending.

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 10

PART TEN – INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE BLACK ROOM

Her body glistened with sweat – that was the drug taking full effect. Her bra and panties were soaked, her hair matted and tangled. She was limp with no power in her muscles whatsoever. As Julia brought the last velvet-lined strap over Nina's motionless body she stopped, stood up and stared at Nina, her eyes glassy and staring up at the light in the ceiling that was dimming and getting brighter at a rhythmic rate. For the first time since this happened, Julia felt remorse. What the hell am I doing? Why are we even doing this?

Usually, someone helpless under hypnosis or even drug-assisted hypnosis, created a stirring inside of her. But she actually felt bad for Nina. Nina wasn't a bad person. "She's just someone who wanted more than she was allowed to have." Julia said out loud to no one in particular.

She heard her own voice in her head talk back to her – and that is why she needs to go through the Black Room treatment. If she wants a little power, she's going to want even more power...and when that happens, all bets are off.

She nodded – this is true. It's self-preservation.

Julia walked over, got the pair of headphones and placed them over Nina's ears. She moved in to the other room where the main computer for the Black Room was. Still immobilized in the Second Room's chair – Mary Jane, VR goggles pulsating through her subconscious.

Julia noticed that Mary Jane's fingers on her right hand were barely moving – it was as if she was touching herself. Julia couldn't even imagine the level of hypnotic arousal Mary Jane was dealing with right now, and unable to touch herself due to the straps on the chair.

Back to the task at hand – Julia brought up the Black Room software and went back in to the room.

She double checked Nina's bonds and took one final look. "It's alright, Nina...you'll be fine."

Julia was shocked to see Nina actually look over – it was the subtlest

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of motions, but she looked at Julia. And then, as if looking over Julia's shoulder, her brow slightly furrowing.

Julia got a chill through her body – she turned and looked over her shoulder to see what it was Nina was looking at.

Nothing.

The black velvet wall.

Julia leaned over, placing her hands on Nina's face and turning it back towards the light. She spoke with that amazingly soothing tone she knew how to turn on and off when needed "Look at the light, Nina...just relax and look at it and soon you will hear a lovely voice telling you what to do...and just listen and accept...listen and accept..."

Nina was back in to the zone of the dimming light...

Julia stepped out in to the second room, closing the door to the Black Room behind her. She could see, on a small TV monitor, Nina inside the room. Julia tapped the space bar and the mp3 for The Black Room started. It would be a solid two hours of the first phase of the Black Room.

She then checked to see where Mary Jane was in her programming. Another 45 minutes.

Julia walked in to the living room, exhausted from the emotionally charged morning.

She sat down in the plush, comfortable white couch, its soft cushions enveloping her. She stared out the window, down at the ocean. She thought back to a few days ago – to the lunch with Mary Jane. To the decision to brainwash Nina. To the memories of her old professor who she hypnotized and eventually devastated emotionally to the point eh killed himself. To finding out Mary Jane had been hypnotizing Julia without her knowledge. To the drugging of Mary Jane and putting her through a program to make her more compliant to...compliant to...

Julia suddenly felt very heavy and tired.

She watched the waves slide on to the shore – one after the other... one wave...then the next...one wave...then the next...and as she watched the waves, she felt that her eyelids were getting heavier and heavier...she realized that her arms had gone numb. They were stuck at her sides and that was fine. She didn't need to move them as she simply sat...and watched the waves...

One after the other...

One after the other...

One after...the...other...

Julia slept.

In The Black Room, Nina watched the light get darker, then brighter... darker, then brighter.

In her headphones, a soft tone, starting a medium-pitch and slowly going down...down...in to a deeper...tone that would eventually...slow her heart rate...relaxing her...and the light dimmed...then got brighter...dimmed...then got brighter...

The tone hit the bottom and stayed there. And then a voice whispered in to her ears. Female. Seductive. Nina's mind was so fogged with drugs that she didn't know if it was Julia or Mary Jane's ...

"You are comfortable and relaxed. You are in The Black Room. You have come here to experience the deepest level of hypnotic brainwashing. And you are here because you want to be here...you need to be here...there is no other thing you want to do but lie there and listen to me...as I weave my words through the darkness of your mind...like cobwebs in a warm room...safe and secure...warm and heavy...relaxing more and more..."

The voice continued...

Nina's mind was asleep, at the same time, a small portion was awake – fragments trying to be focused in the out-of-focus state she was in. The images would come in to focus, then go away...

Mary Jane offering her a cigarette – I hate smoking...no...I love to smoke...I want to smoke...I want to...

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The image faded away...

A cocktail party, moving around the room, her arms sheathed in gloves, a wine glass in her fingers. Walking around the room, seeing Julia on the other side, with Mary Jane out on the balcony – smoking... Julia looking as if she was in a trance... Mary Jane holding in her free hand, a pendant she used for hypnosis...

The image faded away...

A pendant... being sixteen and reading a book about hypnosis... the picture of the woman on the cover... staring at a smooth crystal pendant... the history of the book in her hands... how to hypnotize someone... taking her boyfriend in to trance that night... making him strip naked and waking him with no memory of... no memory... no...

The image faded away...

Lying in a lounge chair... for some reason wearing a black satin bra and panties... her arms outstretched, rigid... fingers outstretched... someone slipping on black satin gloves... as they slide up her arm... feeling more and more hypnotized...

The image faded away...

Lying in a large pool of water, warm like a womb... hands massaging her scalp... the smell of vanilla... the lather of shampoo... the serenity of warm water, surrounding her body, enveloping her... looking up to see the face of who was making her feel so wonderful... wonderful...

The image faded away...

Julia standing over her... the darkness of The Black Room... the calmness of relaxation... the warmth of the room against her skin... sweat... someone standing next to her... who was it...?

The image faded away...

The light... dimmer... brighter... dimmer... brighter...

The sound of a snapping finger...

And Nina sank down... her eyes wide open.

The light went off and all that surrounded her was black... deep and dark... binding... all consuming... and she was a part of it... the voice had been speaking for a long time... Nina no longer knew what the voice had been saying... all she knew was that she was no one... she was nothing...

As she floated in the darkness, the voice whispering to her, sending her into the most intense state of altered consciousness... she thought she smelled vanilla and smoke...

Mary Jane was sitting still, but moving. She felt as though she had been on the carousel too long, her head spinning as the black and white lines assaulted her – the white noise shattering her brain. And at the same time, she had not been so aroused in so long.

Somehow, she was aware of what was happening. She knew that Julia had drugged her. She knew that Nina was about to be put in to the Black Room. She knew... she knew something...

The white noise was phasing in and out – loud, then soft – and its pattern had lulled her mind in to a Theta state... open to suggestion... wide open...

The white noise faded away, as did the spiral... all that was left was black...

The drug in her system was fading slightly and she could feel the straps around her wrists – more importantly, she felt fingers unlocking the strap on her right wrist. Someone put something in between her fingers, then helped the fingers up to her lips and – a cigarette.

Mary Jane could smell the sweet aroma of cloves.

The click of a lighter and as if on instinct, Mary Jane inhaled – the deep smoke of the clove cigarette going in to her. She felt instantly dizzy.

Suddenly, inside of her VR goggles, a low binaural tone started and images popped up – images of woman in gloves, hands bound – gloved women smoking – words flashing 'OBEY' – 'SUBMIT' – 'SMOKE' –

Mary Jane felt her hand being pushed up to her mouth, the cigarette to

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her lips again. She took another drag, her head spinning – clove cigarettes were always a bit too strong for her...but this time around...it felt amazing...

The images continued – A woman sitting in a chair, staring at a crystal pendant – OBEY – close-up of a gloved hand, cigarette in the lips, the tip an orange glow – SMOKE – a woman having an orgasm – SUBMIT – an image of a symbol, a kind of spiral with deep purple colors – SUBMIT – the symbol again – SMOKE – the symbol again – SMOKE – OBEY – OBEY – OBEY –

Mary Jane continued smoking her cigarette. And as she did, she began to feel something against her crotch. It was vibrating. And she shuddered. And her cigarette was moved into her lips again.

The images continued attacking her brain, the cigarette she kept smoking automatically kept making her dizzy and compliant, the vibrating brought her closer and closer to orgasm...

Inside her goggles and headphone – a single tone that made her whole body shake. Then on the screen, numbers, counting down from 10 to 1...

10 – she took a drag

9 – the vibrating bringing her closer

8 – flashing purple symbol...SMOKE

7 – she smoked again, so dizzy from the cigarette

6 – vibrating stronger and stronger

5 – closer and closer

4 – another drag on the cigarette

3 – the tone in her ears phasing in and out

2 – another drag

1 – and the goggles flashed SUBMIT – SUBMIT – SUBMIT

And Mary Jane came hard. She used all of her strength to not drop the cigarette. She screamed, wailing in ecstasy. And the vibrating went away...the cigarette was taken from her hands and a voice soothed in to her ears...

"Sleep...sleep...down...down...sleep..."

Mary Jane drifted down.

And now, the entire house was asleep...

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THE BRAINWASHING OF NINA PART 9

PART NINE – MARY JANE

The world was an uneven sea with high waves that lifted Nina up and then brought her crashing down. The uneasiness of a thunder storm surrounded her, but in her current state of mind – she didn't care.

Everything was fine.

She felt wonderful, as a voice had instructed her to feel for the last however many hours.

And as Mary Jane was struggling to pull the rolling chair in to the third room, every bump, every turbulent motion only seemed to create a sense of euphoria in Nina. She smiled, she giggled – it was like a night out with friends when regular drinks turn into shots of alcohol one wouldn't normally touch in a sober frame of mind. Her arms tingled, her head spun and she felt as light as air.

Mary Jane was struggling to hold on to her composure. The set-back she had faced was a surprise.

Nina was stronger than she imagined. Maybe it was the fact that she had training in hypnotic resistance, or maybe because she knew what went on behind the curtain – she'd been on the other side of the spiral, per se. It was taking a lot of effort to try and not obsess about it in this moment.

All she had to do was to get Nina into the third room – the Black Room.

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As gracious as she was to include Julia and Nina into her world of hypnosis and brainwashing, there were things they did not know. The history of how it was Mary Jane and this union came to be. Mary Jane's introduction to hypnosis came via a therapist who wanted to push a little bit more than he should have with Mary Jane's psyche. But after that, she needed to find her way in this new world. She needed guidance.

If there were an example of fate, the next thing that happened to her was it.

While realizing that hypnosis created an unquenchable thirst inside of her, she would find any outlet to ease her pain. She would watch TV shows that had the theme of hypnosis in its storyline. She would read books, listen to self-help tapes, anything that would guide her to that orgasmic finish-line.

One evening, she stumbled upon a stage hypnotist's show. The poster contained nothing more than a beautifully manicured female's hand holding a pocket watch – but where the watch would be, was a spiral, blurred to look as though it was swinging back and forth. As if hypnotized herself, Mary Jane paid for a ticket and went in.

When the hypnotist walked out on to the stage, Mary Jane was shocked. She was expecting a man, probably someone with a leer or a smarmy quality to them – the by-product of watching too many movies. Instead, Nikki walked out on stage, dressed in a form-fitting tuxedo top, fish-net stockings, sexy high heels and a black satin top hat on her head.

Mary Jane watched as Nikki brought volunteers up on stage and with the ease of professional, she had them in deep trance and without inhibition. There were so many things that Mary Jane found fascinating about this woman. The tone of her voice – sensual yet firm, authoritative yet seductive. The way that she moved, her arms glided without being over-dramatic and she didn't 'walk' from one side of the stage or to hypnotized subject to hypnotized subject – she glided – her heels never once making a noise.

The show ended and the people left the theater and Mary Jane stayed glued to her seat. She didn't want to leave, to have this moment end. Nikki walked out on stage, dressed in a leather trench coat, bag slung over her shoulder. She just smiled at the lone theater patron, looking like a lost child.

"Can I help you?" Nikki asked.

Mary Jane nodded. "I think you can. I want to know what you know. I want to be do what you do."

"Come closer. I don't like talking to someone in the dark." Nikki said.

Mary Jane obeyed. She walked to the edge of the stage, Nikki looking down at her the whole time. "And you want to learn what, exactly? Hypnosis? Stage hypnotism?"

Mary Jane's heart was racing, she felt like a child again. "I want to know the extremes that one can push hypnotism to. I want to know where the lines are drawn and attempt to leap over them."

Nikki studying her for a long time before responding. She walked down the steps on the side of the stage, glided to Mary Jane, stood a foot away from her. Mary Jane's eyes were wide with anticipation. Nikki brought her index finger to Mary Jane's forehead, an inch away – and there she hovered...for what seemed like an eternity.

Nikki pushed her finger into Mary Jane's forehead. "Orgasm!"

Mary Jane gasped, shuddered and fell to her knees as the most intense orgasm she had ever felt consumed her like rain consumes a shirt on a clothes line. She grabbed at her left breast, shivering, trying to catch her breath.

Nikki moved around her, speaking. "You've tasted it, haven't you? The thrill of hypnosis. Maybe someone put you under, or you hypnotized them. Maybe you have stared into the blackness that is the subconscious mind and have been able to remember what it was like. I'll tell you this, little girl, there are limits to what hypnosis can do. Limits that everyone knows about. And those limits are nothing more than a lie. I made you experience an orgasm with what? Nothing more than a word and a touch. And as you sit there, hoping to be able to stand

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again, you know that I am a gateway to this world you seek. Instinct tells you so."

Mary Jane looked up at Nikki. She had not felt this weak and helpless in a long time. "Yes...please...teach me?"

Nikki extended a hand, helped Mary Jane to rise. "Go home. Sleep. Tomorrow, you'll come back to the theater. Four o'clock in the afternoon. That's when the lesson begins. And it ends when I say it ends. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Nikki looked surprised. "You don't have to call me Mistress. I'm Nikki. That is all you need to know for now."

And with that, Mary Jane's lessons began.

It started with basic inductions – using watches and candles, eventually pendulums and spirals. Nikki would have Mary Jane hypnotize a member of the theater crew, taking them under so deeply that they wouldn't remember they'd been entranced.

That led to Mary Jane becoming Nikki's assistant on stage. It was thrilling, being in front of a crowd and watching Nikki mold these people's minds. Taking unsuspecting folk and having them forget their names or numbers or even forget the entire experience all together.

Then, after months of this, Nikki had requested Mary Jane's presence at a quiet, upscale bar. The dress was very formal. Mary Jane showed up in a tight, navy blue gown with a dark gray wrap. She found Nikki sitting in a corner booth, drinking a martini. Nikki was dressed in a long black velvet skirt, what appeared to be a suit jacket, and short velvet gloves. She sipped her martini with precision.

Mary Jane sat down, her hands folded in her lap like a good student.

"For the last few months, you've shown me that you have the skill for hypnosis. You have the manner for it. And you asked me about the extremes, the lines of hypnosis. The reason I asked you here tonight was to see if you were ready to take that leap. Are you ready to see what lies beyond those lines you've created in your head? Are you ready to see the extremes of hypnosis and where I go with them? Are you ready, Mary Jane, to venture in to a world that you cannot return from with ease?"

Nikki sipped her martini, watching Mary Jane mull over her answer.

"I am ready." She responded.

Nikki smiled, setting her empty glass down. She reached into her purse, nestled to her left, and took out a small box which she pushed towards Mary Jane. "Then this is yours."

Mary Jane opened the box. Inside was a crystal on a thin black thread. It was the crystal Nikki used during her show. "Your crystal...I can't—"

"The show is done, Mary Jane. We no longer need to entertain others so they can get their kicks. Now it's time that they entertain us. And that they do for us." She nodded past Mary Jane to a man having dinner alone. He was in his fifties, a short buzz cut lay on his head like a crown. He was finishing dinner, sipping a glass of red wine.

Nikki spoke. "He is a man of proportionate wealth. A man of means. And soon, I will be leaving with him."

Mary Jane looked down to see a velvet gloved hand sliding keys and a valet tag towards her. "These are the keys for my car. You'll follow us."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"To my home outside of the city. It's secluded. It's where I do my best work." Nikki got up from the table, collecting her things. "And soon...it will be your work."

Nikki went over and spoke to the man and in no time, was sitting down across from him. About twenty minutes later, they were getting up and leaving. Nikki didn't even glance over to Mary Jane – she didn't have to.

Behind the wheel of Nikki's car, Mary Jane realized she was shaking – nervous to see what secrets Nikki had been talking about.

The drive led to a secluded section of residential homes, just outside of the city. The man's car pulled up to a well-sized home. Mary Jane pulled up just out of view, waiting in the car. The silence of her

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surroundings was eerie. Mary Jane was a city girl, so she felt very out of place in what she deemed the wilderness. All she could do now was wait, and smoke.

She hadn't been a big smoker since high school, but for some reason, the last few months caused her to smoke more and more. She chalked it up to the fact that her sexual drive had increased a hundred-fold because of her constant involvement with hypnosis. She rolled down the window, lit a cigarette and waited.

It was about an hour later that Nikki opened the front door of her home, walked out and nodded. Mary Jane rolled up the window and walked to the door. "Where is he?" she asked. Nikki nodded to the living room.

Inside the living room, which was furnished as if it were out of a Martha Stewart magazine, the lights were low and the man was on the couch – his shirt unbuttoned, his head slumped against his chest. On the oak coffee table, three candles, two glasses of wine and a small vial of oil.

Mary Jane felt as if she was walking in the middle of a dream. She picked up the vial of oil, sniffed it. She began to tilt the vial, to place the oil on her fingertips, she didn't know why she was – "Don't!" Nikki said in a loud whisper. Mary Jane was startled. "Unless you want to be in the same state as our friend here." She motioned to the sleeping man on the couch.

"What did you do to him?" Mary Jane set the vial back on the table.

"I drugged his wine and then used this oil on his scalp while I massaged it in. The vial contains a chemical compound like sodium pentothal. It enters through the pores of the scalp which are much larger than the ones in our hands. I'd be worried you'd accidentally taste it or place it somewhere on your body that would allow it in to your blood. I need the alert you, not the drugged you."

Mary Jane nodded, looking around the room. "So what are you we going to do to him? Steal his money and leave him back in the city?"

Nikki smirked, then started walking to a door. "Come with me." Mary Jane followed to the door which lead to a flight of stairs that went down...

"What's down there?" she asked, afraid to move on. She looked at the man on the couch, then back to Nikki, who was playing with her necklace.

Nikki stopped and turned. "What is down here is the thing that will change your life forever. It is a place in this world where I can change not only a man's mind but change who he is. Change everything about him and he'll never be the wiser that it happened. It is a room of such power, of such enormity that there are few who know of its existence. I want you to be one of those few, Mary Jane. And if you're ready, then come with me downstairs and help me prepare it for this man. Otherwise, walk out that door and drive yourself home and never contact me again...your choice..."

Mary Jane was swaying in place, feeling dizzy with possibilities. "I want to see your room." She finally said.

Nikki walked to Mary Jane and put her hands on her shoulders. "Then you're ready. You're ready to see The Black Room."

The sharpness of a needle brought Mary Jane back to reality, followed by Julia's voice, entering the room, but sounding slightly muffled. "When did you do it?"

Mary Jane slumped to her knees. She looked up at Nina whose gaze stared out into the blackness that now surrounded her. Mary Jane turned to say something, shocked to hear her own voice coming from behind her...

"Last night, just after I started Nina's induction – I used the very same one she recorded for subjects on herself. The irony of it all was fitting. She sat there, while I massaged her temples, and I watched her face go blank and slack. And as I watched it, my mind flashed back to everything we'd been putting her through these last three days and I needed an outlet..." A loud click and the voice went away.

Looking over, Mary Jane saw Julia standing there, digital recorder in hand. "I thought you would try something, so I figured the only way to know the truth was to be an observer in the room."

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Mary Jane looked over at her arm where Julia had injected her. "What is...oh, Julia..." Mary Jane's eyes became glassy. Julia was helping her up and walking her to the chair in the second room. She eased Mary Jane down, quietly strapping her down. "What are you doing, baby?" Mary Jane asked, her voice slurring.

Julia, calm as could be, tightened the last strap. "Don't worry, Mary Jane. Nina will experience The Black Room. Her brainwashing will be complete. And you are just going to experience a lovely trance. Something to help you relax, refresh and re-educate."

Mary Jane's lips parted. "I think I love you, Julia..." she said, her inhibitions gone.

"I know you do." Julia was placing the headphones and VR goggles on Mary Jane. She pulled up the program she wanted on the computer and hit play. Mary Jane's senses were assaulted with loud white noise and a spiral of such black and white intensity that it hurt to look at it, yet hurt more to NOT look at it.

Julia stared at her friend, her companion, strapped and slowly going under. She looked over her shoulder to the doorway that led to The Black Room. She walked in, looked down at the dazed Nina. "Alright, Nina...let's finish your brainwashing, shall we?"

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Entry for August 19, 2009

Please note that I will be deleting this account very shortly.
Since Alina's passing, I see no real need to keep it around.
If there are posts of hers that you wish to keep, please do so soon.

Thank you again for the kind comments about her in private and in public.

Erik

said 7 days ago [Report Abuse](#) · [Permalink](#) · 1 Comments

Entry for July 21, 2009

Everyone:

I have the heart-breaking task of posting this message that "Serena" knew would have to be put up some day. It is just sooner than either one of us expected.

It is with great sadness that I have to say that "Serena" passed away last week. She was in the hospital undergoing chemo when she developed a pulmonary embolism that put her in critical condition and eventually she passed away.

She was a beautiful woman who constantly felt that she had lost her way from time to time but always ended back up where her strengths lay, her talents. She was a gifted writer, an excellent actress, a fabulous singer, and one of the funniest women I have ever and will ever have the honour of meeting.

She talked to me a lot about all of you in general and hoped that there was one thing she could impart to every one of you that struggled with the pull of hypnosis and any trouble that it caused.

She wanted to be sure that everyone knew it was a choice – you either do it or don't do it. As she was fond of saying to others (and sadly she never always listened to her own advice) it's your life, nobody else's. You get to live it. Not an addiction. You.

I will miss her kisses. I will miss her hand in mine. I will miss her.

I love you Alina.

Erik

said 5 weeks ago [Report Abuse](#) · [Permalink](#) · 6 Comments

Entry for July 01, 2009

I'm angry today.

But I'm too tired to be vocal about it.

Too tired to stand up and kick things around the room and shout at people.

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Too tired to really give my piece of mind to those around me.

Too tired to curse whatever is supposed to be watching over us all.

Too tired to actually, physically give everyone and everything a good yelling.

I'm pissed that I can't type as fast as I usually do today.

I'm pissed that my body aches and hurts so much.

I'm pissed that I have to go through 'treatments' that almost feel as worse as the disease.

I'm pissed that I have to lie here when I would rather be outside enjoying the sun, but to get up and do that would be like climbing Mount Everest .

I'm pissed that I feel abandoned, even though I know I haven't been.

Most of all...I'm pissed that I feel like a child whining about how unfair things are.

Do I deserve this to happen to me?

Does anyone?

Maybe rapists and pedophiles. They deserve slow, painful deaths.

But me?

Yes, I've indulged in my life. Indulged in the things that gave me pleasure in the moment.

Am I being punished for it?

I hope not.

I've been a good person. Helped others, had respect for those around me.

Maybe I didn't respect myself enough,

I don't know.

And today, to be honest with you, I don't give a fuck.

said 8 weeks ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 0 Comments

Serena Update

I'm gonna be unavailable for this week and some of next week mostly....mostly (thank you, Newt)

I'll be in and out of the hospital and resting up every chance I can get.

So, it's time I level with all of you.

As you may (or may not) know, a while back I was diagnosed with 'C' and underwent chemotherapy. While the initial prognosis was that all was well, upon closer look, it seemed as though there were a few stragglers in the 'C' tour of my body and that they had set up shop.

Got a couple of opinions and they both said the same thing – your milk has an expiration date.

I did the thing any sane person would do and fled back home to mommy and daddy. While in California, I rested up, weighed a lot of options and had pretty much resigned myself to just sit it out to the very bitter end.

Talks with family and friends convinced me that no matter what happens, its better to go out fighting than to not even try.

So I'm trying my best to fight.

And I'm also trying to remain as positive as possible despite what I've been told.

I know, miracles can happen but I'm not a miracle kind of gal.

Oh, and for a moment, I thought about going on this hedonistic

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hypno pilgrimage and spending every last dollar having my mind fucked up and my soul destroyed. Better voices prevailed and while that may disappoint some of you, my bank account thanks me.

My hypno-experiences these days seem to be through Erik as he is enjoying watching the Mistress of Hypnosis video and allows me to watch him. Also, we've talked about a couple of new experiences that I can watch through voyeuristic eyes, taking my obsession to a whole new level.

Could be quite interesting.

So I will try and get online this week if I can, but most likely, it will be a couple of weeks before I'm up and running.

Thank you for all of the well wishes that I've received in the last few months and as always, play safe.

Much love

Serena

said 2 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 5 Comments

Mistress of H, Erik and Me



A couple of nights ago I was hanging out with Erik (ye, despite everything going on with me and my health, he's stuck around – he deserves some sort of knighthood) and he was asking me what hypnosis-related things I had been doing lately.

I then went into a gushing monologue about one of my new favorite finds (I say new but she's been around for awhile, I've just never taken the leap to actually get her stuff until recently). I told him about this amazing session video she had that I purchased that was an amazing experience for not being a standard mp3, eyes closed session.

He asked me who she was, and I said...Mistress of Hypnosis.

She's Goth. She smokes. She wears black satin gloves. Does she even KNOW that she's out there teasing me like this?

So I bought this video 'Staring Contest' from her. I initially had some problems viewing it because my computer is over 8 years old. But when I was out with my parents for a month, they were sweet enough to get me a new laptop which is the best thing ever (go Macs!) So once I had the privacy and free time, I sat down, turned the lights off and hit play.

First thing you notice is her beauty. She's gorgeous. She's everything one hopes for in a hypno-domme.

The next thing you notice, is her voice. She has this way of speaking that is slightly monotonous, yet fascinating to hear. And the more she speaks, the more you find yourself caught up in what she's saying, and the more you get caught up in what she's saying, the more you realize you've become relaxed and then eventually, you don't even want to move...you just want to sit there and listen to her...to hear what she has to say...

Anyway, I digress...

So I told Erik all about her and how sexy she was and how

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amazing her session was and he said I sounded like I had a school girl crush. Maybe I do.

So he asked to see what she looked like. I got the Macbook ready and went to her website – she has this amazing picture of her, gloved, pointing to the floor, her face a seductive glare with a slightly sinister smile that you wouldn't mind seeing even if it concealed devious intentions.

Upon seeing her, Erik response was this "Woah...she's amazing."

So I showed him some more pictures of her on the site and he was getting more and more interested in her. I played him some audio samples and he seemed really into her voice. So I figured, why not ask him – what the hell have I got to lose? "Do you want to watch the video?"

He hesitated, but then shrugged "Why not?"

So, we went down to the home office I have in the basement, turned the lights off. He sat down in my office chair (a nice, comfortable velvety chair) and I hit play.

I watched his face – staring at Mistress as she began to coax him in to the staring contest – his eyes glassy and unblinking – he was actually trying to beat the video by not blinking – and I sat there, ensconced in the darkness, studying his face.

The video itself is about 30 minutes long, maybe shorter, but it seemed like an eternity, watching Erik.

I could barely make out the sounds from the headphones, the background noises used to help induce trance – the firm tones of Mistress' voice, wrapping itself around Erik's consciousness like a velvet web in the dark.

Eventually, his eyes closed and he let out this heavy, heavy sigh.

I will 100% admit, I was very turned on by this and even found myself touching myself in a way I haven't done in a while (I've been really sick people, whaddya expect!?)

His eyes opened again, looking so distant, so tranced...he continued to watch the video, his arousal and devotion becoming more and more intense.

Now, I'm not going to spoil what happens at the end of the video for a couple of reasons:

1. I don't really remember it too well myself – it really is a remarkable, powerful piece of hypnosis
2. I want you to get the video if you're that curious.

After the session, Erik said nothing. He continued to stare at the empty computer screen, almost looking sad that the session had ended. I removed his headphones "What did you think?" I asked him.

He shook his head "I think I finally have an understanding of what you like about submission and hypnosis."

While this was never an issue we brought up to one another, it was surprising that he mentioned this in a tone indicating that it had been on his mind in the past. He looked at me like he wanted to say something. "Do you want to watch it again?" I asked.

He smirked and nodded. "I do...I want to see more of her. Is that weird?"

I shook my head "Not at all." But instead of hitting play, I leaned in and kissed him.

Needless to say, he didn't watch it again, but was well taken care of.

Ever since that night, he's told me he's visited her site and has talked with me about getting some more of her videos and even some of her mp3s.

Is it possible that there may come a day (hopefully soon) where

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him and I will lie in bed, headphones on, listening to the soothing tones of Mistress take our minds away?

Well, wouldn't that be somethin'?

Much love

Serena

www.mistressofhypnosis.net/

Ps – if you know Mistress at all, or have experience with her, please drop her a line and let her know that I've spoken of her in high esteem. I'd love for her to know I'm out here spreading the word.

said 2 months ago Report Abuse · Permalink · 4 Comments

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